

# The Sketch

No. 1344.—Vol. CIV.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 30, 1918.

ONE SHILLING.



THE LAOCOÖN BODICE AND THE SERPENTINE HEAD ORNAMENT: MADAME LUBOVSKA, A WELL-KNOWN RUSSIAN DANCER, NOT AT THE COLISEUM.

Mme. Lubovska's costume in this photograph recalls, on a minor scale, the famous statue of Laocoön and his sons encircled by snakes. Her head-dress has also a distinctly reptilian character. At present Mme.

Lubovska is appearing in New York, as *première danseuse* at the Hippodrome, in a musical spectacle entitled "Everything." The portrait is interesting to Londoners now that other Russian dancers are here.

Photograph by Joel Feder.





By KEBLE HOWARD ("Chicot.")

Excellent  
Authority.

I had a little talk, the other day, with my old friend the Confirmed Pessimist. Having long since formed the habit of turning to him in all times of crisis for reliable information, I naturally asked him what he thought of the present situation.

"It all depends," he said, "on whether the Germans succeed in obtaining an armistice."

"If they do?"

"Then the war may last another year, but there'll be no more fighting."

"And if they don't?"

"In that case, I have every reason to believe there will be a revolution in Germany."

"You amaze me!" I cried.

He proceeded to amplify his views. "You see, my dear fellow, the German people are absolutely fed up. They have nothing to eat. They have no reinforcements, no munitions, no money, no friends. The German populace have discovered what the entry of America into the war really means. They see that the game is up. They have no intention of being forced through another winter of starvation and ruination and death. They simply will not put up with it. If the Kaiser wishes to save his throne, to say nothing of his life, he will surrender unconditionally at the earliest possible moment consistent with 'saving his face.'"

Cold  
Douche.

"I am sorry to disappoint you," I replied, "but you are quite wrong about the whole thing."

"Indeed?" He was a little startled. "How do you make that out?"

"The Germans are far from being beaten. Their armies are still enormously strong. They are turning out munitions in vast quantities. The Kaiser is still unshaken in the affections of his people. If you think they have any intention of throwing up the sponge you are making the greatest mistake of your life."

"But, my dear chap—!"

"Oh, I know there's been a lot of stuff in the newspapers about peace, and requests for an armistice, and all that sort of thing. You must not take any notice of the newspapers. They print what they are told to print. If you *must* read anything about the war, read the German Official. Stick to that, my friend, and you will understand the true position of affairs better than the purblind fool who reckons on an early ending to the war."

"But you cannot deny that—"

"I can and do deny it. The Germans are the cleverest race on the surface of the earth, and they are merely fooling us in a new and very subtle way. They appear to have succeeded in fooling you; thank heaven, they can't fool me! Why, think of their programme!"

"Their programme! What programme?"

"Have you forgotten, love, so soon? Let me refresh your

From My  
Pocket-Book.

I produced my pocket-book. "Here," I said, "are some of the things the Germans intend to do before the war is over. I know they intend to do them, because a man of more than ordinary intelligence has kept me constantly supplied with inside information. Listen—"

"(1) The capture of Paris.

"(2) The capture of Calais.

"(3) Bombardment of Dover with long-range guns.

"(4) American Army sunk by submarines.

"(5) Allied mercantile shipping reduced to insignificance.

"(6) London destroyed by super-Zeppelins supported by myriads of giant Gothas.

"(7) Landing of a large contingent on the East Coast.

"(8) Landing of a powerful armed force in Ireland.

"(9) Capture of all the Channel ports.

"(10) Complete subjugation and organisation of Russia for war against the Allies.

"(11) Capture of India.

"(12) Capture of the Suez Canal.

"(13) Capture of Gibraltar.

"(14) Offensive alliance with Holland.

"(15) Destruction of the Grand Fleet by super-submarines.

"(16) Complete Blockade of the British Isles."



A MUCH-DISCUSSED ACADEMY PICTURE AND ITS PAINTER: "THE TRIUMPH"—AND MISS MARGARET LINDSAY WILLIAMS.

"The Triumph" was much discussed when it was on show at the Academy this year. It is here seen—exhibited at the Burlington Galleries, in aid of the Welsh Prisoners of War Fund—with its painter, Miss Williams, it may be noted, lives in Dinas Powis, Glamorgan.—[Photograph by S. and G.]

"So you  
Homings  
Chickens. see," I observed,

with the complacency of the All Is Lost Brigade, "how absurd it is to talk of unconditional surrender on the part of a nation which has still to complete that lengthy and somewhat ambitious programme."

"Where in the world," he asked, "did you get all that rubbish from?"

"I jotted down those points at the times they were communicated to me."

"By whom, in the name of all that's idiotic?"

"Don't you really know?"

"Haven't the least idea!"

"Well, then, I'll tell you. By yourself, my friend."

"Stuff and rubbish! I never said anything of the sort!"

"There is the pocket-book, with dates and times all complete."

"I must have been pulling your leg!"

"I must have been uncommonly stupid not to detect it."

"In any case, everybody has made mistakes during this war."

"Yes, but the mistakes of optimism appear to have been less foolish than the mistakes of pessimism. And another thing. Encouragement is not a bad friend in a fight; discouragement is a distinct enemy."

"Anyway, I'm an optimist now all right."

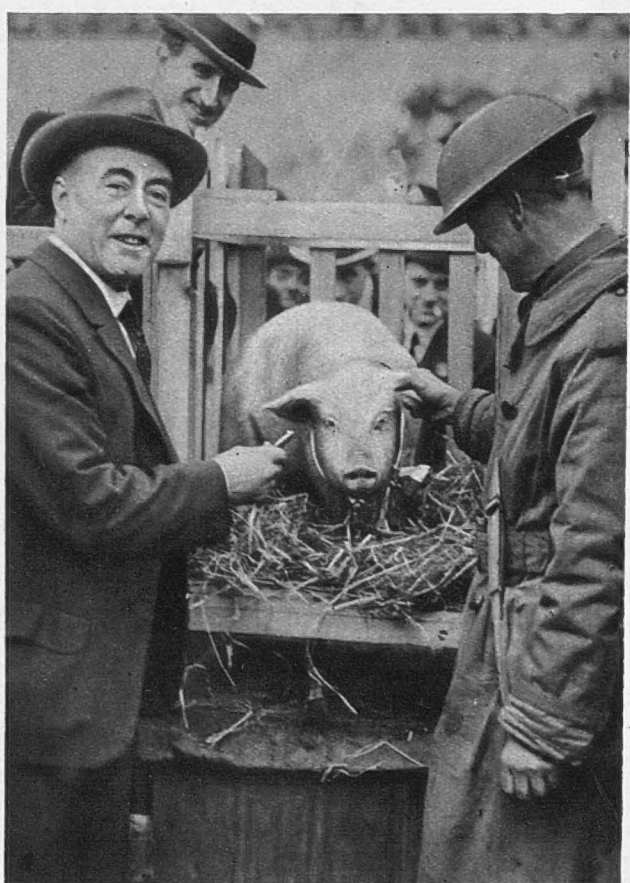
"A little late in the day to be of service to your own side, eh?"

"Let's have a look at that pocket-book, will you?"

"No, my friend. I intend to keep it as a souvenir of the Great War."



## 'T WAS IN TRAFALGAR SQUARE: "OUR DAY" OF VICTORY.



1. AT THE CAMOUFLAGE FAIR: DIMINUTIVE PONY COLLECTORS FOR THE RED CROSS.
3. LORD ROSEBERY'S DAUGHTER AS BIOSCOPE OPERATOR: LADY SYBIL GRANT TAKING FILM PICTURES.

2. A NEW JOB FOR MUNITION GIRLS: SELLING RED CROSS PARACHUTES IN THE "TRENCHES."
4. THE PRIME MINISTER OF MIRTH AND THE QUEEN'S PIG: MR. GEORGE ROBEY FEEDING DAISY.

"Our Day" was a great day in Trafalgar Square, as well as in London generally, and the funds of the Red Cross must have received correspondingly great additions. The idea of the Camouflage Fair, the chief feature in Trafalgar Square, originated with Lady Sybil Grant, who was

to be seen there operating a bioscope. She is the elder daughter of Lord Rosebery. Mr. George Robey, always to the fore on these occasions, auctioned the pig "Daisy" presented by the Queen, realising for it £321. He is seen in our photograph feeding it with biscuits.

*Photographs by L.N.A. and Sport and General.*



# THE WAY OF THE WORLD

## That "Peace."

I should hate to count the number of authors who have written eloquently about the cold sobriety which steals in with the chill dawn after a night of warm and radiant folly. Don't you think we are all feeling just a little like that now, after the great "Peace" night, so to speak? They were a bright few days, to be sure, with pompous old gentlemen buttonholing you in the street and saying.

"It must be Peace!" and statesmen smiling and saying with mystery, "Keep your heads"; and flapper relatives inquiring meekly, "What shall I wear on peace night?" Just as the great Peace Boom was finishing I met a certain colonel, hurrying off to France, who happens to have a regiment of flapper relatives. "So long," he said; "I shall be glad to be back at the war. It's more peaceful than all this peace rubbish over here."



WIFE OF THE NEW AMERICAN AMBASSADOR: MRS. JOHN W. DAVIS.

Mrs. John W. Davis is very popular in official society at Washington, where her husband has been Solicitor-General of the United States.—[Photograph by C.N.]



DAUGHTER OF THE NEW AMERICAN AMBASSADOR: MISS JULIA McDONALD DAVIS.

Miss Davis is a daughter of Mr. John W. Davis by a previous marriage. Photograph by C.N.

## Ritzers.

Miss Joy Ryde wanted to dine at the Ritz the other evening just after the Peace epidemic had subsided; so we dined there. It was full to the brim with interest. There was Lady Randolph Churchill—sometimes called. Mrs. Montagu Porch—and there were the Duchess of Sutherland, Lady Rosabelle Brand, Lady Headfort, and hosts of other jewels in the coronet of England. Next to our table sat two very charming women, one in slate grey and diamonds, and one in pale gold hair and lots of white pretty fluffiness. Said One to the Other, "I'm half-glad, you know, this peace isn't coming off. Think of poor Muriel! Why, it would bring Tony home, and Arthur's such a darling chum for Muriel!" Now Tony happens to be Muriel's husband, as both Joy and I know. Joy looked at me with large, wondering eyes and murmured, "Isn't life wonderful!"

## Max-ims.

After the Ritz Joy left me to go to some sort of dance affair in the far-off regions of Chelsea, where there was to be a Night-gown Fox-Trot, a Pillow-Fight, and a

Pyjama Parade. All this, whilst sounding very attractive, suggested a certain liveliness that disposed for my club and a cigar and whatever conversation happened to be worth hearing. I chanced upon a man here who knows his German better than he knows his London, who knows the Kaiser and most of his spike-helmeted heroes. He told me that the reason why Prince Max of Baden first won the Kaiser's friendship and high regard was that Max engineered the marriage between the Kaiser's daughter and the heir to the House of Brunswick. At first the old Duke wouldn't hear of it. But Max of Baden pleaded with the heavy father, and Mrs. Max took William's daughter under her wing. They never ceased until the wedding bells rang out.



NO, SIR; ONLY MONKEY-NUTS.

"It is probable that the sale of chocolates and other sweets will shortly be prohibited in places of entertainment."—Daily Paper.

## Dances Galore.

Now that our dear friend Sir Francis Lloyd is no longer with us in an official capacity in London, the great feature of the winter season is to be a dance revival. Only a little time ago, when dancing was proclaimed

as a war sin, my young friends in khaki who wanted to enjoy a hop with young friends in petticoats used to slip furtive fivers into the hands of mysterious-looking waiters—oh, at the very best hotels and restaurants, my dears!—for the privilege of being admitted like conspirators into cellar ball-rooms in Soho. I always thought it an extravagance; but I suppose if, for a fiver, one can acquire a sense of

sin in perfect innocence, there's nothing to grumble about. Dancing is now going to be the chief charity entertainment, which will give the theatre folk a bit of a rest. Look out for the Savoy Fair dance next month, and look out for Mrs. Vernon Castle at all the best dances. She looks like being a sort of heroine of the dance season. Meanwhile, Luigi has started dance dinners at the Cri.

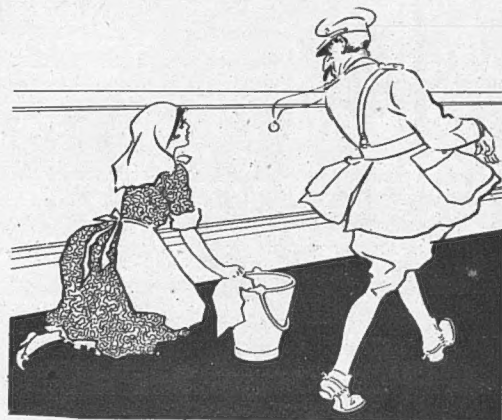
## Charming Women Politicians.

Miss Joy Ryde is going in seriously for politics—oh, ever so seriously. What decided her first was when she first saw Mrs. Pankhurst.

"Do you know," exclaimed Joy, "she looked absolutely charming in the loveliest of brown velvets!" After that Joy saw Christabel, gasped at the delightful dress—and was at once converted to the cause. "Why, I always thought women politicians and those sort of people weren't women really, but frumps." "We mean to win votes, and not to frighten people," Miss Pankhurst had told her. And now, as there is no need for a peace frock, Joy is busy ordering an election gown. Despite the statement that a November election is "off," the Asquith party are rather afraid of being caught napping. I am sure Miss Elizabeth has an assortment of suitable gowns all ready for the occasion if it comes.

## The Man Dressmaker.

"Dear me, I fear we shall live to see nothing but men dressmakers," observed Lady Lymelyghte in a corridor.

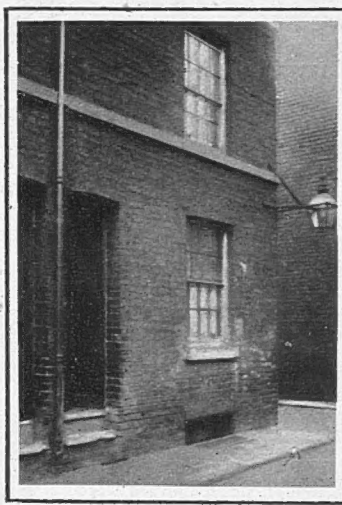


YOU NEVER KNOW, Y'KNOW.

A woman scrubbing the floor in a Y.M.C.A. hut asked a man in uniform to empty and refill her pail. "Damn it, Madam," he said, "I'm an officer." "Damn it, Sir," she replied, "I'm a duchess."



AT THE HELM OF A MUCH-DISCUSSED PROBLEM: SIR JOSEPH MACLAY, BT., THE SHIPPING CONTROLLER. Photograph by Vandyk.



TO BE PRESERVED FOR THE NATION: MR. LLOYD GEORGE'S BIRTHPLACE. The house where the Premier was born, No. 5, New York Place, Ardwick, Manchester, was recently sold by auction. The auctioneer said that the purchaser would preserve it as a place of historic interest.—[Photograph by C.N.]

of the Ritz the other afternoon, resuming a thread of conversation which had been interrupted by the vision of Mr. Winston Churchill in a hat so small that I hope he will make an immediate present of it to Mr. Charles Chaplin! "You see," continued her ladyship, "here we have this young Count Torby



A COUNTER-ATTACK.

"'No ladies served with twist' is the notice in a tobacconist's shop at Smethwick."—Daily Paper.





ARCTIC KIT FOR BRITISH TROOPS IN NORTH RUSSIA: A SOLDIER ON SENTRY-GO.  
Photograph by C.N.

designing gowns, and Mr. Laurillard buying a dress-shop. Men are like sheep. They follow each other. All sorts of men now will take to dressmaking and designing in all its different departments. I hope—I hope, indeed, that I shall never have to be fitted on by a man." Whilst appreciating the delicacy of her hope, I reassured Lady Lymelyghte. Men, I told her, had always been the best dressmakers and the best cooks, but they had never condescended to do the everyday work of pinning skirts on Countesses or scouring saucepans.

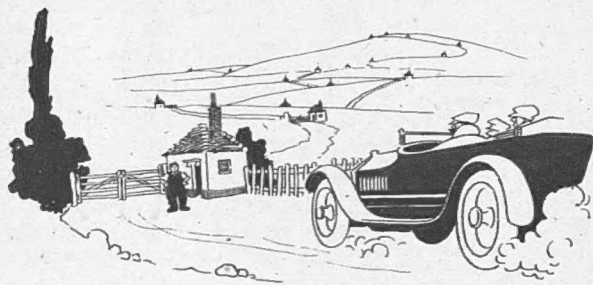


A BRITISH SOLDIER ON SKI: ARCTIC KIT FOR NORTH RUSSIA.

The Arctic equipment for British troops in North Russia, supervised by Sir Ernest Shackleton was inspected the other day by the King at Buckingham Palace.  
Photograph by C.N.

**In Law-Land.** There is no limit to the whims and the wants of women. That may be a truism, but it is one that cannot be repeated too often. Last week Lady Lymelyghte and Joy said they wanted to be shown the Temple. They had never seen the Temple in their two lives. They had heard it was a dear, romantic place, full of Oliver Goldsmith and all that! So, for very peace I took them. And really it was rather interesting and restful. Near Ruth Pinch's Fountain we encountered Sir Edward Carson with his glossy silk hat at the old rakish angle.

A few words on Ulster—bows—smiles—and then we passed on, Lady Lymelyghte gurgling happily about dear Sir Edward. After Oliver Goldsmith, his tomb, and the rest of the sights, I took my charges to lunch at the Old Cock Tavern. As we entered, we jumped into Sir John Simon, who was lost in the spiritual comfort of the



IN THE GOOD TIME COMING.

"According to a correspondent of the *Country World*, local authorities are about to suggest the revival of toll bars and gates as a means of reorganising the road finances."—*Daily Paper*.

Westminster Gazette.

**A Distinction.** I think by this time Lady Lymelyghte thought there were nothing but celebrities about. She was astonished. Certain of the barristers and aldermanic gentlemen inside the Cock were also astonished. They were astonished

at the rather daring Lucille confections worn by her ladyship and Joy. One legal gentleman whose name I will not mention frowned and drained a bumper of port at one gulp. But the American officers present seemed very pleased; and Henry, the waiter, who maintains the manner that he took to the Cock forty years ago, beamed, took our orders, and then gave us what he thought was good for us. As we left I whispered, "You don't often have ladies here, Henry?" "We are always very pleased at the Cock to receive ladies, Sir," replied Henry with a bow, and a stress on the word "ladies"

that would have pleased Queen Victoria. After that I shan't take the Beauty Chorus there. One of the most astute critics of ranks and degrees is your observant waiter. He is all eyes and ears. *Verb. sap.*



THE NEW LESSEE OF THE SCALA THEATRE: MR. F. J. NETTLEFOLD.

Mr. Nettlefold, who is a cousin of Mr. Austen Chamberlain, is to re-open the Scala Theatre on November 11. He has frequently understudied Sir J. Forbes Robertson and Mr. Arthur Bourchier.  
Photograph by Lavis.



TRY HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE, ABDUL.

"Painting his face with red ochre, wearing a false moustache and weird headgear, Abdul Hamid went into the East India Dock Road crying 'Monish! Monish!'... The magistrate told him that he must not do that kind of thing in this country."—*Daily Paper*.

Talking of Victorian "Up-to-Dateness." Queen Victoria—whose memory has been bitterly insulted by H. G. Wells in his last tedious novel, "Joan and Peter"—somebody pointed out a certain low-cut evening-gown at the Carlton the other evening, and remarked, "What would poor old Queen Victoria have said to that?" As a matter of fact, Queen Victoria would probably have liked the dress very much. She always insisted on her ladies wearing "proper" evening dress, which some of her contemporaries thought was improper. Once when one of her ladies turned up in what was called "demi-toilette," the Queen looked at her covered neck, and exclaimed, "You make me feel quite hot in that thing."

#### An Albert Hall Event.

There was quite a fashionable gathering at the Albert Hall to hear pretty Miss Winnie Barnes—the victim, at the moment, of unauthorised engagement rumours—make a start in Grand Opera. Lady Aberdare brought grand-children to hear an excerpt from "The Marriage of Figaro," while Colonel Fred Gore had quite a large party. I hear there is a rumour that the Albert Hall is being already booked up for dances after the declaration of peace.

#### Lord Northcliffe—and Office.

Did you notice the very wide publicity given in all the Government papers to Lord Northcliffe's speech at the American Officers' Club. Even twelve months ago such space in rival papers to the utterances of "Alfred" would have been unthinkable. And now they tell me down Whitehall way that he has been invited to join the Government before the Election. If he accepts office it will be on terms. "Alfred" always makes terms!



INTERESTED IN CHARACTER DOLLS AT THE CHILDREN'S JEWEL FUND DEPOT: (LEFT TO RIGHT) LADY HENRY, MRS. LLOYD GEORGE, AND THE DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH.

Photograph by Newspaper Illustrations.

#### Plays and Movies.

Just as, ten years ago, one never knew who was on the music-halls and who was on the theatres when the great sort of amalgamation between variety and the legitimate took place, so now it is difficult to know whether our friends are playing on a stage or on the "movies." Little Joan Morgan, I hear, has left the stage *pro tem.* and gone to the "movies." On the other hand, pretty Eileen Molyneux has left the films for farce. She is playing in that delightful musical farce, "Telling the Tale," at the Ambassadors'. Curiously enough, Edmée Dormeuil, whom she succeeded in "Telling the Tale," is now coming out as a screen actress. She is sure to be a success, for clever

women are so adaptable. A proof of this is the calm way in which they are going to take their places on that great stage, the floor of the House of Commons. One thing is certain: the Lady M.P. will never be at a loss for words.

THE WORLDLING.

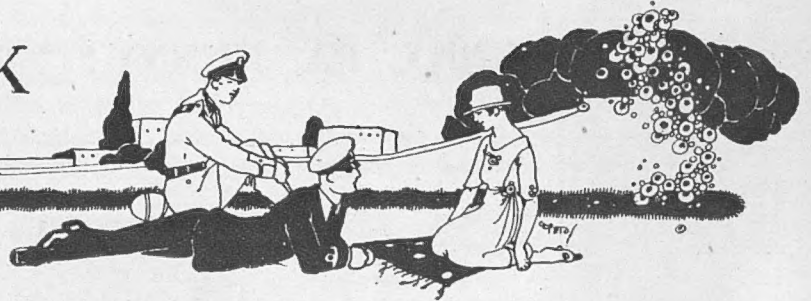


SOME FLOWER!

"At a sunflower competition at Burwash Weald, Sussex, a bloom 52½ inches in circumference took the first prize."—*Daily Paper*.



## SMALL TALK



LADY GOSFORD'S Red Cross Sale at Burlington House is a reminder of the energy with which the Countess has devoted herself to Red Cross activities ever since the war. For more than three years Lady Gosford has been the most untiring of the tireless band of workers who devote so much of their time to the manufacture of hospital necessities and stores within a stone's-throw of Piccadilly. Any sudden demand for special appliances always goes to Burlington House, where the "staff" prides itself on never having failed to meet the need.

Mond, one of the kings of the great chemical industry established at Widnes—one begins to smell it a little while after leaving Crewe on the way to Liverpool. Sir Alfred Mond was a great Free Trader, but would do drastic things against Germany. He has sat for Swansea since 1910, and it is typical of his adaptability that he is now an ardent Welsh Nationalist. His fervour for Welsh Disestablishment was remarkable, and in other questions affecting the Principality he is as Celtic as Mr. Lloyd George himself.

*A Liberal Veteran.* It is not, after all, very remarkable that Viscount Morley should have decided to write no more. For he is just on eighty, and not specially young for his years. It was rather late in life that John Morley—

a good many people think mistakenly—left literature for politics. He got into the House of Commons for Newcastle when he was forty-five, and three years later received an invitation from Mr. Gladstone to join the Cabinet. He finished an article before replying to the letter, and was not himself conscious that the excitement had any effect on his style. It was a surprise to many when the philosophic Liberal accepted a Peerage. But Lord Morley, for all his austerity, is not a little human, and is understood to have been by no means displeased by his elevation.

*Sundry Sitters.* The Duchess of Rutland's hospital activities do not put her chalks and pencils entirely out of action. But her portrait of the Duke now on exhibition at the International is not quite down to date. Lady Carisbrooke, however, has been among her more recent sitters, and with excellent effect. Lady Lytton, with whom the photographers happen to be particularly successful, does not sit quite so profitably to Mr. McEvoy. But a sitter who has lately been photographed and painted



TO MARRY MAJOR C. F. MILES: MISS SYLVIA EAST. Miss Sylvia East is the second daughter of Major and Mrs. Walter C. East, of The Gables, Kettering. Major C. F. Miles is in the Royal Field Artillery.

Photograph by Bassano.

and one of the decorated women of the war. She holds the Military Medal, the Croix de Guerre, and the Order of Leopold for ambulance work in Belgium and France.

*A Well-Filled Life.* Lord Dunraven, who has just been giving the British public a wholesome reminder of how Prussia acted in 1870, is a man of many titles and experiences. He is Earl of Dunraven and Mount-Earl, Baron Adare, Viscount Mount-Earl, Viscount Adare, and Baron Kenry. He has been a Guardsman, a Militia Colonel, a war-correspondent, an Under-Secretary of State, and Chairman of numerous committees and Royal Commissions. A great yachtsman and traveller, he commands also an interesting pen—not always the gift of the owner of forty thousand acres. To many people it is rather a puzzle that one so well endowed has not made a great figure in politics; but Lord Dunraven's views

on the Irish Question have rather spoiled his chances with the Unionist Party, and he is not the man to fit easily into any mould. He went through the Franco-German War for the *Daily Telegraph*, and was suspected of being too pro-French by the authorities in Berlin, who then regarded British sympathy as their natural right. Lord Dunraven knows his German—and never liked him.

*Quite Celtic, You Know.* Sir Alfred Moritz Mond

is one of the many fabulously rich of this country who come of foreign stock. He is the son of the late Dr. Ludwig



TO WED SUB-LIEUTENANT G. A. ST. GEORGE: MISS D. V. BRADDON.

Miss Braddon is the daughter of Major W. L. Braddon, R.A.M.C., of Salonika. She has spent a good deal of her time as an enthusiastic war-worker, and has lately been with the Women's Legion Army Service Corps.

Photograph by Bassano.

and modelled, all three perfectly, is that very attractive Chinese lady, Countess Hoey Stoker. She has lately sat to Olive Snell for a drawing of her head, and to Clare Sheridan for a plaster figure. Mrs. Sheridan is the clever daughter of Mr. Moreton Frewen—who, by the way, is now writing his *Reminiscences*. As a brother-in-law of Lady Randolph Churchill and of Lady Leslie, he ought to have many a salient social record at his pen's end; but I fear it is really less in that capacity than as the leading authority on bimetalism that he prefers to go into print.



TO MARRY MAJOR CARYL AP RHYS PRYCE, D.S.O.: MRS. MORKILL.

Mrs. Morkill is the widow of the late Lieutenant R. F. Morkill, and daughter of the late Mr. T. L. Wilkinson and Mrs. Wilkinson, of Masham Abbey, Masham. Major Caryl Pryce, D.S.O., is in the Royal Field Artillery, and is the younger son of Colonel D. D. Pryce, Indian Army.

Photograph by Lafayette.



TO MARRY MRS. MORKILL: MAJOR CARYL AP RHYS PRYCE, D.S.O., ROYAL FIELD ARTILLERY.

Major Pryce is the younger son of Colonel D. D. Pryce, Indian Army, of Penns Rocks, Withyham, Sussex. He is to be married shortly to Mrs. Morkill, widow of the late Lieut. R. F. Morkill.—[Photo. Lafayette.]



TO MARRY CAPTAIN LEONARD BATE: MISS LYNCH-BLOSSE.

Miss Lynch-Blosse is the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Francis Lynch-Blosse, of Thorney Court, Hyde Park Gate, W., and Palmeira Court, Hove. Captain Leonard Bate, King's Royal Rifles, is the elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Bate, of Hagley, Worcestershire.

Photograph by Bassano.



HUNNY, PA HUNNY! "THEY'LL INTERN ME NEXT!"



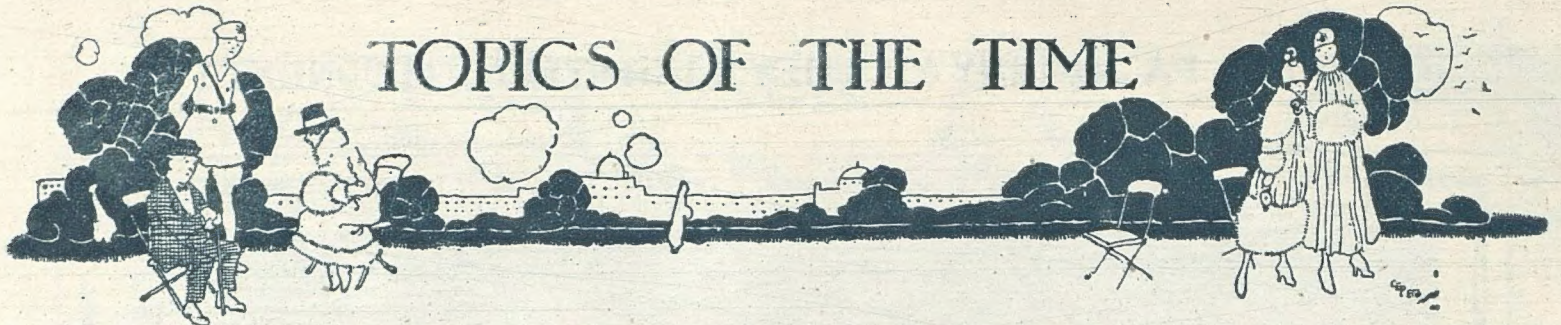
A BING BOY AS A BANNED BANG BOY! MR. GEORGE ROBEY, WEARING GERMAN BODY-ARMOUR AND HELMET, IN "THE BING BOYS ON BROADWAY," AT THE ALHAMBRA.

Mr. George Robey appears in this Hunnish costume for a few moments during the Alhambra revue. His next big war-charity concert is due on Sunday, Nov. 3, at the Coliseum, and he hopes to beat his record of £12,500 raised by the last one, by raking in at least £20,000. Next

Sunday's concert is in aid of Mr. Havelock Wilson's Endowment Fund for Aged and Convalescent Seamen. On "Our Day" (last Thursday) Mr. Robey arranged to auction in Trafalgar Square, among other articles, the famous pig given by the Queen to the Red Cross.

*Photograph by Stage Photo. Co.*





# TOPICS OF THE TIME

**Y**OU and I, it is rumoured, are to have our ink rationed! A blue-black outlook for the newly engaged!

There is trouble in the ink-pot of the maid of seventeen; there is sorrow in the pages of her pad; and her red morocco blotter is pathetically clean with the all-absorbing work it hasn't had!

And you and I also might be less extravagant in that direction. Let me approach you with a few useful suggestions for lightening the burden of the threatened new Inkum Tax.

Oh let us, with regard to ink, most rigidly economise. We need not cross our "t's," I think, use capitals, or dot our "i's." Nor need we punctuation use—except when tradesmen write for cash, when nobody could well refuse permission for a simple dash!

This little block of Walt Masonry is for ink-shortaged sex-problem novelists only, and need not be read by normal people—

The sexual problem fiction-writer must curb his ardour, *volens volens*, and much of his palaver chop. I love to picture such a blighter removing tails from semi-colons and thereby coming to a stop!

"Hang it all!" exclaimed a member of the Junior Liberal Constitutional Reform, when the ink-ration rumour came his way. "They can't even leave the club claret alone!"

The kissing of Philip Gibbs at the liberation of Lille, by men and women alike, must have reminded my good friend and colleague of a certain very hot and scrubby experience he and I had some years ago, when we went to see the great Sicilian actor Grasso in his dressing-room at the theatre. With a wild and overwhelming gladness for what we had written of him in the columns of the *Daily Chronicle*, he hugged us each in turn, and kissed us explosively on both cheeks and then the forehead! Fortunately for me, he



A WELL-KNOWN BRITISH PEERESS AWARDED A FRENCH MILITARY DECORATION: MILLICENT DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND RECEIVING THE CROIX DE GUERRE AT HAZEBROUCK.

Millicent Duchess of Sutherland, whose first husband, the fourth Duke, died in 1913, married, in the following year, Brigadier-General Percy Desmond FitzGerald, D.S.O., Hussars. She is a daughter of the fourth Earl of Rosslyn.—[*French Official Photograph.*]

seized upon Gibbs first, so that the famous war-correspondent emerged with most of the actor's warm make-up on his otherwise pale face, and I came off pretty clean. Grasso had just been playing his great throat-biting scene in "Feudalismo," and his kissing was like a midsummer storm with prickles in it.

Some Grate Thoughts for the moment—and for next Tuesday—

I.

An empty grateness seems to be the sign of a Knight-Barony. Or does it, to the worldly wise, come as a blessing in disGuys?



THE NERVE-CENTRE THAT LINKS THE BRAIN AND HANDS OF THE ARMY: H.Q. SIGNALS ON THE BRITISH WESTERN FRONT.

*British Official Photograph.*

II.

The distribution of our coal is under pretty sound control when Guys themselves the act condemn of using coals for burning them!—and bonfires, e'en on Hampstead's height, give way to Dora's barren night!

III.

Said Economy to Daphne, in a sentimental vein, "There'll be faces in the embers which will wear a look of pain when they see you with your novel, and with all that you desire, sitting close up to the fender with your shins before the fire. They'll be faces, frozen faces, of the outcasts on the bench, where pneumonia and adversity are chums; they'll be faces, weary faces, of the soldiers in the trench, and the pallid little faces of the shums!"

To Economy said Daphne, in a rather naughty vein, "There'll be faces in the embers, and they'll smile and smile again when they see me with my novel, and with all that I desire, and my feet up on the fender and my knees half in the fire! They'll be faces, winking faces, of the haunters of the bench, where the crowd of noble vagabonds are chums; they'll be faces, grateful faces, of the Tommies in the trench, and the saucy little faces of the shums!"

The news goes on improving. My morning paper tells me now that I must eat and drink well to keep off the influenza.

I'm going to do as they have said—a hint to me is a command. For who am I that I should spread the influenza through the land? A patriot to the very core, I love to help my fellow-men; and I shall ask for more and more, until I've had enough for ten! And I shall drink till I am blind—it is my duty to mankind.

When waiters say they haven't got a tender little wing or two, in injured tones I'll answer, "What! Am I, then, to encourage flu? To help my country, I must eat! 'Tis not of self I think, but *it*! You must not casually treat a man who's out to do his bit! I'm here to stuff until I bust! It is my duty, and I must! A. B. M.



## IN THE BOIS—AND ELSEWHERE: PARISIENNES' TOILETTES.



## FOR AUTUMN AND EARLY WINTER WEAR: SIMPLE OUTDOOR COSTUMES.

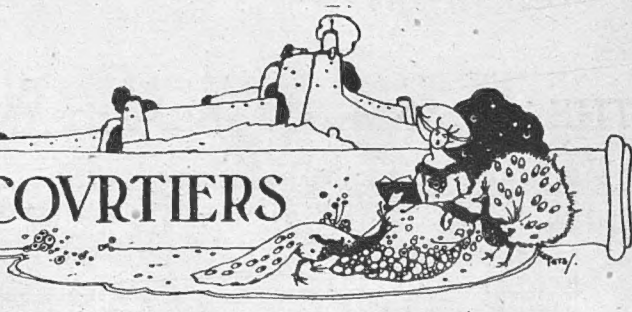
In spite of the war, the Parisienne sees no reason why she should be unattractive, and her clothes still have a unique *cachet*, though, perhaps, usefulness is more thought of than of yore. In the first photograph we have a coat made of two colours of velours cloth. No. 2 shows a charming knitted costume, well adapted to show off a pretty figure. No. 3 is an outdoor costume, which is white because the day is fine, and has touches of fur about it because it is autumn. In No. 4

the youth and beauty of the wearer add to the *chic* of the coat. No. 5 shows the charm of pleated georgette. In No. 6 embroidery enlivens the severest cloth or serge—with an altogether gratifying result. No. 7 is a blanket coat, checked here and there to avoid monotony. In No. 8 it is shown that if you can't have a coat entirely of fur, a garment can be extremely alluring if peltry is used for quite three-quarters of the coat. No. 9 is a walking-dress with panels of horizontal stripes.





## CROWNS · CORONETS · COVRTIERS



THE Dowager Lady Londonderry returned to town the other day in the best of spirits. For before she left County Durham her Seaham Hall War Hospital had just received its three thousandth patient. The Lady Londonderry of ancient days who restored her husband's fortunes by her clever management of his collieries showed no resource superior to that which her successor has brought to bear on the succour of the wounded in the war. The Dowager was always a great entertainer, but never before had she guests whom she felt it more of a privilege to receive.

The last dinner-party she gave in Park Lane, when she was still the mistress of Londonderry House, on the eve of the war, remains for many reasons in her mind. The King and Queen honoured her with their company, and that in itself is always a memory for a hostess. But there is something more to be remembered to-day. The German Ambassador sat on her Majesty's right, and the Princess Lichnowsky sat next to the King. The division between social and political life is a fine one, and it was on occasions like these that Prince Lichnowsky received the impressions of English sentiment that he has since had the courage to proclaim.

### Cobbleresses.

Lady Petre has triumphed, and boot-making is no longer to be the monopoly of man. If ever Lady Petre spoke to a cobbler about women as fellow-workers in his profession, she was told that women "couldn't grasp it"—that women couldn't even clean boots properly, much less make them. So there was nothing left for her to do but to become a learner on



WITH HUSBAND AND THREE BROTHERS SERVING: MRS. CYRIL GEPP.

Mrs. Gepp is the wife of Lieutenant-Colonel Cyril Gepp, D.S.O. with Bar, serving on Sir Julian Byng's staff, and is the daughter of the late Colonel G. W. Northey, of Ashley Manor, Box, Wilts. She has three brothers serving, and is the cousin of Major-General E. Northey, Governor-General of the East African Protectorate.

Photograph by Hugh Cecil.

her own account, and to have the last word. Now she gives her public demonstrations, and Essex is likely enough to set the lead in the movement of ladies as bootmakers. The times are propitious.

Women's boots have become daintier and daintier as the fashion of short skirts has brought them more and more into evidence; and women, as the makers of women's boots, may leave to men the making of men's boots. That is what already happens in the production of women's hats and men's hats—they are made respectively by the sexes that are to wear them. Twenty years ago, "Willie" Petre, who held the family title and didn't quite know

what to do with it—he being a priest as well as a Peer—said that, if ever he published a volume of verse, he would call it "Petre in Metre." He never did; but, as metre is a matter of feet, Lady Petre may be said now to fulfil in a very practical form that frustrated family ambition.

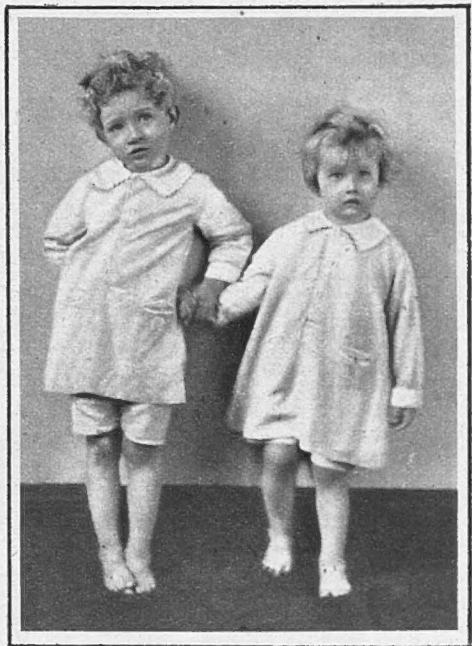
### Wise Acres.

The phrase "All England in the market," which sounded like an extravagance when first we used it, continues to be justified. Day after day properties great and small are put up at auction. The phrase with which Americans often jocularly greet each other, "What can I sell you?" has become a joke at one of the London clubs in which landowners congregate. The Duke of Bedford, a man who sold betimes, thinks the subject of land sales is always a "Thorney" one. So he found it when the Thorney estate was nearly bought by the Government of the

day, who, however, on second thoughts decided that it would not be popular to buy land from a Duke and then put up the rents, which were obviously too low. So the tenants bought instead. It is with regret that I sell an estate which my ancestors created," wrote the Duke on that occasion. And this is a regret shared by Lord Walton and Lord Vernon in now parting with their Cheshire estates. Lord Clarendon follows suit. Lady Warwick, like the good Socialist she is, joins the great company of sellers in Essex. But the parsonage she put at the disposal of a famous novelist is not to be sold over his head, and "The Rev." H. G. Wells may still be preserved as a personage of local fiction.

### Far and Near.

Not many Englishmen possess property in Palestine. But, years ago, Mr. Wilfrid and Lady Anne Blunt were so enchanted with Damascus that, seeing a house for sale, they at once became the purchasers, on the bare chance of their ever being able to inhabit it. The late Lord Bute, too, who always hoped that his heart would be laid to rest in the Holy Land, became in life a landowner in Jerusalem. His daughter, Lady Margaret MacRae, the present owner of the property, hopes some day to go thither on a pilgrimage. Meanwhile, she has interested herself at home in the free supply of artificial limbs to disabled soldiers. Lady Margaret, herself a sufferer from lameness, has an intense personal sympathy with the disabled. Hers is that same fellow-feeling making men wondrous kind which inspires Sir Arthur Pearson's splendid apostolate to the blind.



TWO CHARMING CHILDREN: MARTIN AND GUY McLAREN.

The mother of these two bonny boys is the widow of the Hon. Francis McLaren, M.P., Second Lieutenant, Royal Flying Corps, who was killed in action last year. He was the younger son of the first Baron Aberconway. Before her marriage, Mrs. McLaren was Miss Barbara Jekyll, daughter of Sir Herbert Jekyll, K.C.M.G.

Photograph by Hugh Cecil.



WIFE OF THE MEMBER FOR NORTH NORFOLK: MRS. NOEL BUXTON.

Mrs. Noel Buxton is the wife of Mr. Noel Buxton, second son of Sir T. Fowell Buxton, third Baronet. He is the Liberal Member for North Norfolk. Before her marriage, in 1914, she was Miss Lucy Edith Pelham-Burn, daughter of Major Pelham-Burn, of Cliff House, Cromer. She is seen in our photograph with her two children.

Photograph by Swaine.



MARRIED: MISS VIOLET CRANE (MRS. GORDON REAH.)

Miss Violet Crane and Captain Gordon P. G. Reah, of Hollin Hall, Lancashire, were married on Oct. 19, at St. Andrew's, Ashley Place. The bride was given away by her uncle, Sir John King; and Captain H. W. Toxall, M.C., King's Royal Rifle Corps, acted as best man.

Photograph by Malcolm Arbuthnot.



## THE CHARM OF BLACK AND WHITE—AND OF BLACK AND GOLD.



TWO DAY DRESSES AND AN EVENING CLOAK—ALL FROM PARIS.

No. 1 is a black silk tricotine dress worn with a black velvet cape, lined with white satin, and having a collar of white fox, to say nothing of a hat which is black and white, too. All combine to form a costume which is the last word in fashion. In No. 2 black and white are used again,

but in quite a different manner. The skirt is of finely pleated georgette, and the jumper bodice is of black satin with touches of bead embroidery. No. 3 shows an opera-cloak of black velvet with gold tissue let in at the back, and trimmed with black chenille. The collar and cuffs are of skunk.



# AT HACKWOOD : LADY CURZON OF KEDLESTON — WITH



SETTING OUT FOR A DRIVE : LADY CURZON OF KEDLESTON  
WITH HER DAUGHTER, MISS MARCELLA DUGGAN.



IN THE TAPESTRY ROOM AT HACKWOOD :  
LADY CURZON.



DURING AN HOUR OF EASE :



AT HER FANCY WORK : THE COUNTESS IN HER BLUE  
BOUDOIR.

A glimpse into a home of a famous man is always interesting and is especially so when that man is as world-known as Earl Curzon of Kedleston, whose activities diplomatic, political, administrative, literary, social, archaeological, have been so many, and so valuable. Lady Curzon, who is his Lordship's second wife, was married to him (as Grace Elvina, daughter of the late J. Monroe Hinds, of Alabama, U.S.A., and widow of Alfred Duggan, of Buenos Aires) in 1917. She has a daughter of her own, Miss Marcella Duggan. Her step-daughters—Lord Curzon's children by his first wife—are three, the Ladies Mary, Cynthia, and Alexandra Curzon.



## HER HUSBAND, DAUGHTER, AND A STEP-DAUGHTER.



CURZON IN THE SALOON AT HACKWOOD.



HER OWN SECRETARY: THE COUNTESS AT HER WRITING-TABLE IN THE SALOON.



AN INTERESTING GROUP: (L. TO R.) LADY CURZON; LADY ALEXANDRA CURZON; MISS DUGGAN; AND EARL CURZON.



A QUIET HOUR: LADY CURZON READING IN THE LIBRARY AT HACKWOOD.

remainder to the Barony of Ravensdale of Ravensdale. Of the many positions Lord Curzon has held—or holds—may be mentioned Member of the War Cabinet; Leader of the House of Lords; Lord Privy Seal; Member of the Cabinet War Council; Lord President of the Council; President of the First Air Board—these during the Great War; a Trustee of the National Gallery; Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs; Viceroy and Governor-General of India. He bore the Standard of the Empire of India at the Coronation of King George. Amongst his works are "Persia"; "Russia in Central Asia"; and "Problems of the Far East"





### "DIES IRAE": AN UNUSUAL

The late Raphael Kirchner was known to our readers as the portrayer of dainty femininity and as the creator of the Kirchner Girl. This powerful drawing, for which his own title was "Dies Irae," reveals him in a new phase—that of a war-cartoonist with a Dantesque imagination. The subject speaks for itself. It shows the Kaiser, clad in blood-soaked ermine, in the clutches of a demon hand about to drag him down over the edge of the

BY RAPHAEL KIRCHNER. (REPRODUCED BY PERMISSION)





## THE CASE OF KIRCHNER'S ART.

...y into Hell's eternal flames, while thousands of his outraged, murdered, and mutilated victims shriek their denunciations. Incidentally, the picture effectually disposes of any suspicions, based on the artist's name, that he was of enemy origin, or of pro-German sympathies. The faintness of his artistic method is convincing evidence enough to the contrary.

(THE BRUTON GALLERIES, BRUTON STREET, W.)



## ALLURING, IF NOT "ENTANGLING": THE



AMERICA :  
MISS VIOLET NORTON.

ITALY :  
MISS VIOLET TARR.



FRANCE : MISS LOUIS BRUTON.

JAPAN : MISS BETTY ST. CLAIR.

President Wilson, quoting George Washington, has warned the world against "entangling alliances." There is no Presidential ban, however, against and it can only be said that the *tout ensemble* is as irresistible as

Photographs by Foulsham



# ALLIES AS SEEN AT THE PALACE.



SERBIA :  
MISS MOLLY DESMOND.



ENGLAND :  
MISS YVONNE FITZROY.



PORTUGAL : MISS DULCIE BENDON.



BELGIUM : MISS DOROTHY LOVE.

alluring Allies, such as these who appear in "Hullo, America!" at the Palace. They take part in the third scene of the first Act, laid in Paris, the united efforts of the nations they so attractively represent.

and Banfield, Ltd.





## SOUNDS—EMPTY AND OTHERWISE.

BY MARTHE TROLY-CURTIN.

(Author of "Phrynette and London" and "Phrynette Married.")

music in restaurants has been found not taxable—that is to say, not a luxury. Well, in some restaurants music does all the taxing itself! It taxes the consumer to the verge of collapsing in the soup; not only cannot one hear oneself eat, but it is very bad for the nerves and digestion.

There is no truth in the saying that music soothes the savage breast—the Germans are a musical race. Don't imagine that I am running down music, like my countryman Théophile Gautier, who held that music was "the most expensive and the most disagreeable of noises," but I like it as I like, say, water—in certain quantity and of no uncertain quality. We love a bath, but we don't enjoy drowning!

But does it soothe? On that exciting Saturday night, the 12th, the most excellent band at the Savoy played all the patriotic tunes it knew (and we knew not!), yet that did not prevent Peace from keeping its wings in the cupboard until next time, like Anatole France's angel.

But, to leave the tap and trivial and talk seriously of the sublime, I went the other evening to hear Moiseiwitsch and Vladimir Rosing at the Wigmore Hall. From the point of view of sound it is a well-constructed building, but to the eye a terribly "Burne-Jonesy" place. What a great deal could be done with a concert-hall by employing colour-tones which sympathise with music! One does not want heraldic devices, and a procession of people clad in perfectly hanging draperies following each other round the walls; much more suitable would be a blending of what might be called dream-colours—colours which by reason of their infinite depth

allow the mind and senses full scope for appreciation, because the sense of sight becomes soothed almost into oblivion. Mme. Isadora Duncan understood this when having her beautiful French home near Paris hung in silk muslins in greys, silver, mist, dove, English sky, pewter—all the subtle shades.

Technically, Moiseiwitsch seemed perfect; but his rendering lacked the indefinable under-current of emotion. He executed his pieces with precision almost terrifyingly exact; but one felt a lack of sympathy and feeling except in the emotional passages, when he seemed to overcome his coldness and become absorbed not in his technical perfection, but in the artistic success of his rendering.

Vladimir Rosing was a curious enigma. He possesses a voice neither powerful nor subtle in tone, but of a peculiarly sympathetic timbre; he is an actor rather than a singer—a highly emotional singer; one sees the changing emotion of his song in his face more than his voice; he chooses songs which admirably suit his methods. He almost hypnotises the audience by the force of his acting, the whole-hearted, passionate love of his work, which leaves him emotionally exhausted at the conclusion of a song, when he literally staggers white-lipped against the piano.

This, I am certain, is not a pose, but a perfect example of the sincerity and absorbing realism of a great artist. I have seldom heard a singer who carries his audience to such heights of emotion with him, and lifts them from the pettiness of life to a second of sublimity.

The audience was interesting; there were many there who were music-lovers, like Bernard Shaw, and also many who were obviously not music-lovers, but merely desired to be fashionable and appear intellectual by idolising a new success.

Do these people who throng the concert-rooms when great, or even possibly great, artists lay their life's work and fruits of years of training before us, realise how their whispering and rustling destroy for many the completeness of appreciation? Music, like a delicate spell, is fragile and easily broken.

The re-opening of the Four-Hundred is already making everybody's feet tingle—I can vouch for mine! Dancing is to become a crazier craze than it was this winter and *After*, the *After*! In Paris they are re-beginning again to fox-trot "en petit comité," as we say. What surprises me, and rather disappoints me, is that no dancing genius has discovered some new ball-room dance for the last four years. The Jazz has not caught on; it is not what you would call thrilling, and its name is against it.

I have just had a little note from George Robey telling me of his wonderful concert on Nov. 3 at the Coliseum. It will be in aid of an Endowment Fund for Aged and Convalescent Members of the National Sailors and Firemen's Union. George Robey has already sold a number of boxes at £100 each—and no wonder, when the programme is so exceptionally fine!



"I've just had a little note."



"One felt a lack of sympathy."



# "WHERE LOVE IS WAITING": THE LILAC DOMINO AT HOME.



1. THE HEROINE OF "THE LILAC DOMINO" (AT THE EMPIRE) UNMASKED: MISS CLARA BUTTERWORTH AT HOME.

2. "GEORGINE" TRIMMING A TOPIARY CORKSCREW: MISS CLARA BUTTERWORTH IN HER GARDEN.

3. BELVING HER SONG THAT "ALL LOVE'S A DELUSION": MISS CLARA BUTTERWORTH AND HER CHILDREN.

The excellent singing and acting of Miss Clara Butterworth as Georgine, the heroine of "The Lilac Domino," has been a large element in the success of that popular operetta, which has been running at the Empire since last February. Georgine is an heiress who, wishing to see life,

eludes her chaperon and attends a masked ball in a lilac domino, with results that constitute the plot. Among her songs are "Where Love Is Waiting," "All Love's a Delusion," and a waltz-song with the same title as the piece. In private life Miss Clara Butterworth is Mrs. Montague Phillips.





## THE CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

By A. ST. JOHN ADCOCK.



THE gods do not love all of us; they are a little exclusive in their choice of favourites. Addison's Portius was not one of their chosen, or he would never have thought of saying—

'Tis not in Nature to command success,

But we'll do more, Sempronius, we'll deserve it;

And you cannot read "A Writer's Recollections" without realising that the gods have made a point of looking after Mrs. Humphry Ward from the very beginning. They endowed her with ability so that she could deserve success; they likewise so arranged matters that she was able to command it. Grand-daughter of the great Dr. Arnold of Rugby, and niece of the greater Matthew Arnold, even before she began to write she numbered a multitude of the most distinguished and important persons of the day among her friends or among the friends of her family. Consequently, when "Robert Elsmere" appeared there was no danger of its being neglected. Walter Pater and Mr. Gladstone reviewed it in powerful periodicals, and many other great men helped to swell the chorus. The book may have deserved this; but books do not always get their deserts, and I wonder whether Gladstone or Pater would have troubled to review the novel if its author had been unknown to them.

Anyhow, of course the book boomed, and it is quite natural that now, in writing of it, Mrs. Humphry Ward should take it and the rest of her work very seriously and with a calm and complacent

self-confidence. I should probably do the same, in the circumstances. The whole record is abundantly interesting—her recollections of the famous men she has known are particularly so; but I wish that in the Epilogue she had not adopted a rather superior air towards her younger contemporaries. She generously praises Kipling and Conrad, but mentions no woman writer; is a little patronising in her remarks on Galsworthy, Bennett, and Barrie; and while you read what she says of Wells you have a vision of an accomplished schoolmarm caning one of the boys. "Kipps" was "almost a masterpiece," and the earlier books were "excellent story-telling, though without any Stevensonian distinction," as if one could only arrive at distinction by imitating "R.L.S." Bennett is "more likely to live than Mr. Wells"; nevertheless, there are a few things in Wells that "will no doubt appear among the *morceaux choisis* of a coming day."

Now this won't do. We are not so rich in great novelists that we can afford to belittle Wells. Nor will this do: "Mr. Wells seems to me a journalist of very great powers, of unequal education, and much crudity of mind, who has inadvertently strayed into the literature of imagination." My own education is so unequal that I don't know what an unequal education is; but I cannot accept it, even from Mrs. Humphry Ward, that Wells is only inadvertently and not essentially an imaginative writer.

It is the complete absence of self-complacency and that sense of being superior which gives graciousness and charm to the essays of "Alpha of the Plough." He writes about himself continually in "Leaves in the Wind," but he has a delightful sense of humour; and can laugh at himself on occasion, and move you to laugh with him. He writes mostly about common men and the common things of ordinary life, and writes of them with a genial philosophy and a charity for human weaknesses that is "wider than the wideness of the sea." When he comes out in his own name there are often broken heads and bloody noses in his track; but as "Alpha" he is as kindly as Lamb and almost as whimsical.

Theodore Powys writes also of himself in "Soliloquies of a Hermit," and handles graver themes, but leavens them with a quiet humour that is not the common property of hermits. He just rambles on, thinking aloud, as it were, of all manner of religious, moral, and social problems, and holds you interested in his shrewd comments on people and things in general. He is complacent, but only in a forgivable way, as when he remarks, "I now take it for granted that I am nearly always as far from the Truth as Mr. Gladstone was, and I do not care if I am." His suggestion that "every father would do very well to write a book of his own shortcomings for his children to read" may appeal to others, but I am not going to do it.

The "Personalia" of E. S. P. Haynes are about men he has known in the flesh or the spirit. He was a friend of Edward Thomas, of Rupert Brooke and his brother, and there are admirable chapters concerning these. At least as good is the chapter on his great-grandfather, Sir Harris Nicolas, a mighty collector of autographs, and intimate with many of the celebrities of his day. But I am most intrigued by the paper on that stupendous bore "Old Humphrey," because in my own childhood I was bored stiff

by having nothing but some of his books to read. I am not surprised to learn that whilst he worked he had a large card stuck up before him bearing the words "ALLURE—INSTRUCT—IMPRESS," because that is what he tried to do; and that he succeeded, the long popularity of his intolerable books bears witness. His writings may have been "free from all that would injure the mind or debase the affections," but I am glad they are dead. I am glad, too, that Mr. Haynes put him in his gallery, for he helps to make "Personalia" what it is—a most enjoyable book.

For a collection of the best sort of yarns—humorous, tragic, eerie, glamorously adventurous by turns—let me recommend "Walking Shadows." I don't know that it has any "Stevensonian distinction," but its tales of submarine warfare and of sea-adventure before the war are vividly imagined and vigorously alive. This is Alfred Noyes's first book of prose fiction, and he proves a born story-teller in prose as well as in verse.

### BOOKS TO READ.

- A Writer's Recollections. By Mrs. Humphry Ward. (Collins.)  
 Leaves in the Wind. By Alpha of the Plough. (Dent.)  
 The Soliloquies of a Hermit. By Theodore Francis Powys. (Melrose.)  
 Personalia. By E. S. P. Haynes. (Selwyn and Blount.)  
 Walking Shadows. By Alfred Noyes. (Cassell.)  
 The Human Touch. By "Sapper." (Hodder and Stoughton.)  
 Out of the War. By Mrs. Belloc Lowndes. (Chapman and Hall.)  
 The Secret Hand. By Douglas Valentine. (Herbert Jenkins.)  
 Innocent Amusements. By Barry Pain. (Werner Laurie.)  
 The Rough Road. By William J. Locke. (John Lane.)



A CLEVER YOUNG AMATEUR DANCER: MISS RUTH DARCY HUNT.

Miss Ruth Hunt, who is an amateur dancer of much talent, comes of a well-known old Kentucky family.

Photograph by Lambert Weston.



ORGANISER OF ENTERTAINMENTS FOR WOMEN ON WAR SERVICE HERE AND ABROAD: MR. ARTHUR CROXTON.

Mr. Arthur Croxton has organised for the Ministry of Labour a new scheme of entertainments for war-service women in this country and in France. The Queen, as Commandant of the Q.M.A.A.C. (Waacs), has consented to attend the first performance on Nov. 7.

Photograph by Sport and General.



AS A RUSTIC RAILWAY PORTER IN "A WEEK-END," AT THE KINGSWAY THEATRE: MR. ERNEST THESIGER.

Photograph by Hugh Cecil.



# Rejuvenating the Mind

By Julius M. Price

*The famous War Artist - Correspondent.*

IT does not seem so long ago that our best-known newspaper proprietor committed himself to a sweeping statement that, so far as useful activity was concerned, men were too old at forty. He is himself an interesting example to the contrary, for it is now many years since he passed what he considered to be his grand climacteric—yet he is at the present time one of the greatest centres of energy in the cause of the Allies. The reason for this is that he has what I am tempted to designate a highly “Pelmanised” mind, and so far as men over forty are concerned the *raison d'être* of his existence is largely, as Voltaire said, *pour encourager les autres*.

Naturally, the question arises, what is meant by a “Pelmanised” mind? In his case, unquestionably, it means capacity for the most intense concentration on the affair of the moment linked with a memory which forgets nothing. Such a mind as this is analogous to a fine vintage wine which improves with keeping. It is unnecessary to repeat the trite remark that brains cannot be created when they do not already exist; for it is much more important to realise that the dullest child or the most tired-out old man in all reasonable probability possesses mental capabilities which have never been exercised.

If we take the question of physical strength, we shall find that a man like Sandow was a comparative weakling in his youth, but the muscles in embryo were there, and, above all, the determination to develop them to the uttermost. In my own observation a child under pressure is too apt to give way to despair, and a man over forty too much inclined to become blasé and allow the poisonous thought to creep into his mind that his best days have gone by. It is here that Pelmanism comes to the rescue. Taking the analogy of physical strength, no one need worry as to the precise quality of his brain or his increase of years; his great ambition should be to exercise, and exercise to the limit, the mental equipment he possesses.

In the course of the inquiries I was invited to make at the Pelman Institute nothing astonished me more than the testimonials—or, rather, human documents—that arrived by every post. Tinker, tailor, soldier, sailor, and, indeed, members of every craft and trade or profession have written quite fascinating and oft-times pathetically touching letters describing the benefits they have derived from taking up Pelmanism, and these letters are written with the most candid enthusiasm.

This coming in contact, as it were, at first hand with the most diverse students, as I have done by perusing many of these documents, is undoubtedly the cause of such well-known men as Lord Charles Beresford, Sir Rider Haggard, Sir William Robertson Nicoll, Sir James Yoxall, M.P., Sir A. Quiller-Couch, Sir E. T. Cook, Sir R. Baden-Powell, Jerome K. Jerome, Max Pemberton, and a great many others of undoubted probity and perspicacity giving their public approval of the Pelman System of training the mind and the memory.

In the course of my travels I had already heard so much of Pelmanism that I had actually decided to take it up at the first opportunity, when, by the long arm of coincidence, I received the flattering invitation to visit the Institution myself and express my opinion on its work; with the result that I was so much impressed that I had no hesitation in enrolling myself as a student. I will frankly admit, therefore, that I did not pay my visit as a sceptic—very much to the contrary in fact; as during the two and a-half years I was on the Italian front I was constantly hearing the System praised both by officers and men, thus proving that it had a large following of disciples who were determined not to let the enforced mental stagnation brought about by trench life bring on complete atrophy of their brain-power.

In the course of a varied career I have come across many clever men who just missed being geniuses. By “missing” I mean that they just managed to get to a certain point and to achieve a certain degree of success, and then, as it were, mysteriously to get no further. I have often asked myself what could account for this. Why some distinguished general, for instance, has failed lamentably at a critical moment; and in all cases that have come within my immediate knowledge, I have been forced to the conclusion that in these semi-failures—for they were not to be classed as actual failures—their process of thought has not been based on any logical principles—it has not been sufficiently drilled, so to speak, and in consequence they have either done the wrong thing swiftly or the right thing too slowly.

Following up this train of thought, I found myself wondering whether Pelmanism would not have helped to correct this weakness of the nervous system and of the cells of the brain, much the same as a judicious course of dumb-bells will strengthen the muscles.

In his innermost self there must be many a man who knows that he has displayed at times a certain hesitancy that was difficult to

explain, and which he scarcely ventured to probe into, dreading that it was, perchance, a sign that the advancing years were making themselves felt, much the same as one fears to consult a doctor when one is assailed by some subtle pain that may mean a great deal or nothing. Pelmanism, as I grasp it, fills the part of the friendly doctor, but with this difference—the doctor keeps the knowledge from which he has evolved his diagnosis to himself, whilst Pelmanism lets you into the secret of your failings, and thus helps you, as it were, to act as your own physician. But there is no nonsense about it, no mystery, nor is it a dodge for getting your fees. If you are in earnest, and you must be in earnest when taking up Pelmanism, you will not be long in discovering that Pelmanism is just another word for scientific stabilising of the mind and memory, and entails a regular, but not at all uninteresting, study to bring it to a successful issue, and that if it is carried out with serious intent there is no doubt that it develops self-confidence in young people, and a rejuvenation of the mind in those getting on in years.

To sum up, therefore, an investigation of the System forces one to the conclusion that it is a practical form of mind and memory training, of such value to young and old alike that one of these days it appears certain a course of the applied principles of Pelmanism will enter into the curriculum of every student's life and influence him in his career.

## Famous Men on Pelmanism

Admiral Lord Beresford, G.C.B., G.C.V.O. :

The Pelman Institute, as I understand the matter, does not profess to work miracles. What it does profess to accomplish is to enable a man to make the best use of the abilities he already, consciously or unconsciously, possesses. The first condition of success is willingness to learn. The student must be prepared to do his part. It is not always an easy part, but it is fair to say both that it is always possible and always interesting.

Major-General Sir F. Maurice, K.C.M.G., C.B. :

I can think of no better method than the Pelman Course either for keeping the mind fit in times of leisure or slackness, or for restoring mental vigour to a soldier whose mind has become flabby from overstrain or physical weakness, and I can recommend no better investment than a Pelman Course to the soldier on convalescent leave.

The Pelman System is not cram, or trick, but a scientific method of training which has proved its value to the soldier in war, and it would, I am certain, be of the greatest benefit if it were adapted to Army training generally.

Sir Harry Johnston, G.C.M.G., D.Sc. (Cantab.) :

Pelmanism, it seems to me, is not so much an education in itself as the preparation of the mind for education elsewhere; for the education of the streets and shops and countryside; education by home reading, by foreign travel, by secondary schools, and, above all, by universities. So far from being in rivalry with sound educational institutions, with schools and colleges, it is a preparatory ground for them. Its intention is that its pupils shall be enabled henceforth to assimilate and co-ordinate to the utmost advantage all the education they receive or seek for.

Why do I write thus strongly and convincingly? Because more than the mass of my fellow-countrymen, more—alas!—than many of those who direct our destinies in the Councils of State, in Parliament, in the Press, I realise the supreme need of a well-founded, practical, modern education if we are to attain to and maintain a supreme degree of efficiency, proportionate to the place we aspire to hold among the great nations of the world.

Sir R. S. S. Baden-Powell, K.C.B. :

The Pelman System, so far as I can judge from what I have seen of it, appeals to me because it deals with the individual, and because it offers to him in a practical form the cardinal steps to the development and strengthening of mental character, which is the foundation of success in any line of life. And many, if not most, of these steps are those which have been omitted in the average school training.

“Mind and Memory” (in which the Pelman Course is fully described, with a Synopsis of the lessons) will be sent gratis and post free, together with a full reprint of “Truth’s” famous Report on the Pelman System and a form entitling readers of “The Sketch” to the complete Course for one-third less than the usual fee, on application to the Pelman Institute, 41, Pelman House, Bloomsbury Street, London, W.C.1.

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## FOG - FLYING.

By C. G. GREY, *Editor of "The Aeroplane."*

APPARENTLY the bad weather in Flanders during the great advance recently has hampered the work of the Allied aviators very considerably, yet a vast amount of useful work has been done. Wind alone, in these days of high-speed, well-built aeroplanes, and carefully chosen and trained pilots, has no terrors for aviators; but for war-flying fog and rain



DESIGNED TO DECEIVE OBSERVERS: GERMAN-MADE DUMMY TANKS OF WOOD AND PAINTED REEDS.

These dummies were placed in ill-concealed positions, with the idea of misleading American airmen in the St. Mihiel district.

*American Official Photograph.*

still, and must always, prevent work of the most valuable kind—namely, long-distance reconnaissance and night-bombing. People now fly in mists and light rain and under low clouds, so long as they are over familiar country, in a way which would have been considered impossible a year or two ago. This has become feasible owing partly to the increased reliability of engines, which makes it moderately safe to fly low; partly because of the improvement in aeroplanes, which can now be landed in smaller spaces than could the older types; and partly because of the increasing skill of pilots, who can now get safely into landing places where they would certainly have crashed in the past.

#### The First Man to Enter Ostend.

As a result, although long reconnaissance and bombing have been made difficult of late, there has been a vast amount of low flying, and so it has been possible not only to harass the retreating German armies by the usual ground-strafting methods with small bombs and machine-guns, but also to keep in very close touch with the precise movements of the German rear-guards. For example, one reads of aviators landing in Ostend while the Germans were still in the town. One is told—incidentally—that the very first member of the Allied Forces to arrive in Ostend was an R.A.F. officer, who alighted in the main square of the town and was promptly machine-gunned by the last of the retreating Huns. Fortunately, they missed him and his machine, and bolted after a few shots. The R.A.F. does not advertise its star turns, so he must remain nameless, but it strikes one that the aviator in question will at any rate have a satisfactory answer in years to come to that irritating query, "What did you do in

the Great War, Daddy?" It will be something to be able to reply, "My child, I was the first of the Allied Forces to set foot in the redeemed town of Ostend."

#### A Curious Fog Story.

Talking of flying in fogs, there is quite a good story of General Byng's attack on the Hindenburg Line in November last year, which may, perhaps, now be told. The air on the morning of the attack was particularly thick, but it was necessary to bomb a certain point on the German lines of communications, and a squadron of R.E.8's was told off to do it. It was the only R.E.8 squadron in the area, and, owing to various troubles, only nine of its machines were serviceable that morning. There was no possibility of finding the way by compass and map, and the only way of reaching the objective was to fly low over the long, straight Bapaume-Cambrai road and never lose sight of it. The raid went off with much success, the machines starting at intervals of a few minutes apart, and all coming home safely. But when the last man arrived back he was in a state of complete bewilderment, for he said that, though he had found the place all right, he had met twenty-four R.E.8's on the way, and he knew that there were only eight in that part of the world besides his own. Allowing for some slight exaggeration on his part, it appears that every machine that started must have lost the road here and there, and that he must have met every other machine at least twice over as they circled round in the fog trying to pick up the road again.

#### R.A.F. Uniform Colour.

One hears that the vital war-winning question of the R.A.F. uniform is still unsettled, and that it is the intention of the authorities that ultimately it shall be twenty shades darker than the R.A.F. blue at present. Which means that it will come out about as dark as a rather light navy-blue serge suit. Apparently the colour is not to be changed all at once, because of the inevitable howl which would arise; so it is alleged that each batch of cloth which comes through for the R.A.F. is to be a couple of shades darker than the preceding batch.



NEAR CAMBRAI: THE ONLY "STANDING" HANGAR OF A GERMAN AERODROME ON GROUND CAPTURED BY THE CANADIANS.—[Canadian War Records.]

That ought to produce some rather pretty shading effects, and one can imagine the Squadron Commander of the future parading his squadron in order of the colour of its uniforms, starting with the old R.N.A.S. blue at one end, and finishing with the dark R.F.C. khaki at the other, the rest shading down from dark R.A.F. blue to the oldest and most faded blue-grey, and up again from pale tropical khaki.



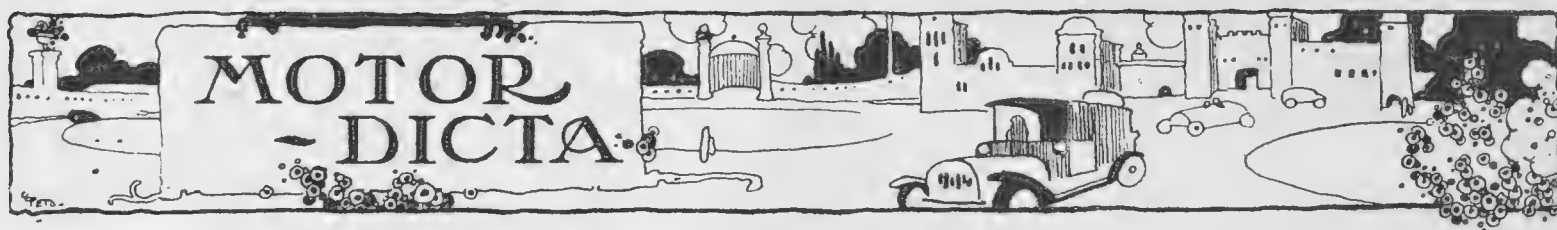
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## EPIEIKEIA IN WHITEHALL: POST-WAR GERMAN COMPETITION. BY GERALD BISS.

THERE is joy in automobilism over one Chancellor of the Exchequer who has repented; and even the Scot in his moral make-up failed at the critical moment of imposition. As has been openly anticipated, for reasons other than those officially inspired throughout the Dora-ridden Press, the Luxury Tax, that financial Aunt Sally of the last six months, has been buried in the mausoleum of might-have-beens—with power to revive in the spring, if the power prove strong enough! In France it has been weighed and found wanting lots of things it could not get; and there, too, it is to be shelved in favour of a more workable proposition. Frankly, from a misguided and altruistic sense of patriotism, I was never against a real luxury tax proper, involving though it did many of my pet, though war-foresworn vices; but I could not agree with the logic of a super-tax upon an already unfairly and repressively burdened "essential" industry. Let that be its epitaph; and, if it be resurrected with the bulbs that bloom at Budget-time, I trust that it will not again defeat its purpose by dint of its own economic unsoundness, or be still-born into the regions of higher finance by reason of progenitorial greed or ill-judged top-heaviness. Let it R.I.P.!

**Lord Montagu Takes the Road.** There would seem to be a new-born breath of sweet reasonableness in the air for some occult reason—possibly because the pale, well-dug-in autocrats of Whitehall and Westminster are blenching before the possible proximity of peace and the passing of Dora, and feel that they must democratise their arbitrary methods before their happy Hindenburg Line finds itself rudely breached beneath their feet. Otherwise, why should the Army Council of its own gentle volition abandon the Military Controllorship of the Roads and Bridges of the U.K., which it had so splendidly tried to bluff and jump without the sanction of even the present invertebrate Parliamentary rump? It planned officiously, in its arrogance—when the war looked like outlasting their life-time, and many younger folks'—to side-track the Road Board, which will play a highly important hand in the great game of reconstruction; and at one time it looked like pulling it off

representation, which is obviously far better suited to tackle the whole problem outside immediate military needs. It is doubtful if a better man in every way could have been chosen; and Lord Montagu always carries solid the confidence of motorists. More over, he has made such a prolonged, practical, and statesmanlike



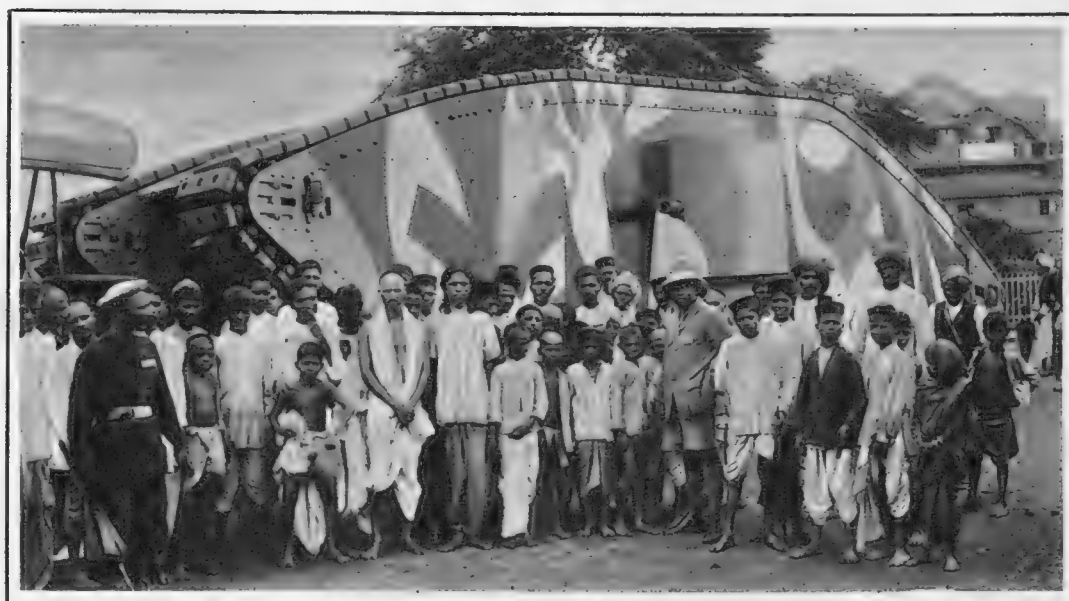
A NEW FORM OF THE NEWEST ENGINE OF WAR: A SUPPLY-TANK.  
*French Official Photograph.*

study of the road question, that he has a sound idea of what really has to be done, and is not likely to emulate any wild-cat stunts on Cippenham or Loch Doon lines.

**German Post-War Car Plans.** Last week I raised the point of how far the British motor industry was prepared for peace. Since then I see that the Amsterdam correspondent of the *Autocar* states, with reference to Germany, that the Benz have their post-war model decided upon, while the famous Mercedes Company have their plans further ahead and laid upon an ambitious scale. Their proposal is to throw 4000 45-h.p. cars, constructed out of pre-war material, and many actually built, on the neutral markets at £450 (approximately), against £1600 before the war, in order to snaffle the neutral demand at any cost. I am inclined somewhat to discount the tale, because of the urgent call on raw material in Hunland for other purposes at the moment; but it suggests enterprise. One thing, however, it overlooks, that Germany will not be exactly a free commercial agent after the war, and will owe Belgium, apart from other devastated and pillaged countries, a big toll of machinery and raw material, cars themselves and what-not, to replace stolen goods, which may have to be replaced in kind to expedite their commercial reconstruction. The Hun was never noted for imaginativeness.

**Petrol and Insurance.** A novel insurance claim has just been put forward in respect of a collision, the owner claiming not only for the damage to his car, but for the

ten gallons of precious petrol lost out of his injured tank. Any jury chosen from out the Great Unpetrolled would pronounce unanimously for him on the ground that the spirit in these days is of infinitely greater value than the mere car; for, as we all know to our despite, without the vital essence the auto is as dead as mutton—and not edible at that!



A VALUABLE DUMMY: A WAR LOAN "TANK" IN BOMBAY.  
*Photograph by Bourne and Shepherd.*

until Lord Montagu—a Brigadier-General on the one hand, and on the other a member of the Road Board from its inception—attacked the proposition with a barrage of high-explosive questions in the Upper Chamber. Whether it be cause and effect or a mere coincidence, to the greater satisfaction of automobilism he has now been appointed Chairman of a new Joint Roads Committee, with local





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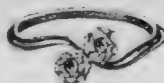
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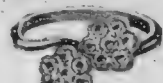
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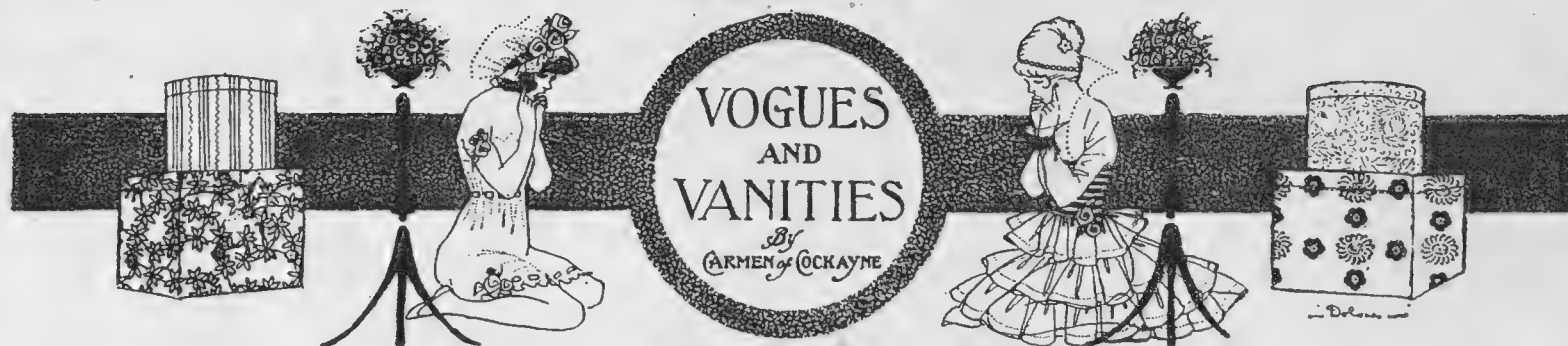
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**So Ticklish.**

There was a young lady,  
And what do you think,  
She dressed herself only in sable and mink.  
Sable and mink were the whole of her dress;  
When coal is so scarce, she could hardly wear less.

Unless, indeed, she wisely selected as an alternative or substitute the cosy cloth and wool velours coats trimmed with fur which, besides being fashionable, would, one can't help thinking, be several degrees more comfortable than the distinctly ticklish form of dress chosen by the lady of the rhyme.

**It's the Only Way.**

No woman who does not include in her stock of clothes a coat to which a very generous ration of fur has been allotted can hope to be reckoned anywhere but out of the mode. As being in Coventry from the modish point of view is the last fate that any woman would choose, it is more than likely that anyone who, all unknown to herself, has been treading the path of dowdiness will hasten to leave it as quickly as she can after seeing the coats on this page. But that, after all, is only the first step on the right road. The next leads to Gorrings, in Buckingham Palace Road, where Dolores sketched the delightful models illustrated on this page. The woman who ultimately finds herself inside one of them need never feel afraid of attracting unfavourable attention so far as matters modish are concerned.

**He Thought of Everyone.**

The identity of the man, or maybe it was a woman, who first discovered the sweet uses to which fur can be put on a cloth coat has never been made public. Whoever it was, however, deserves the gratitude of every woman. Fur coats are not for the mass, even in war-time. It's not everyone who has a princely wage plus a substantial bonus to run through between one Friday and the next. But everyone—almost everyone, anyway—can be warm if they take the trouble to set about it in the right way; and, what is just as important, be becomingly as well as economically dressed at the same time. Business and philanthropy do not, as a general rule, go hand in hand. But it does seem as if the modern artist in fur had kept in view the interests of the people whose incomes are still some distance from four figures when he set to work with his hairy mediums. Coney, natural opossum, and skunk-opossum are all three of them quite serviceable as well as becoming furs. Perhaps, though, it is not so generally known as it deserves to be that at Gorrings they are used on velours coats—in brown and other attractive shades—which, in spite of the fact that each boasts a cosy fur collar and is lined to the waist with silk, are

marked at the uniform figure of eight guineas. Women who know the difficulties of dressing well on a small income in war-time won't need telling that such an opportunity is not one that should be allowed to pass. But it's important to note that it only occurs because there happens to be a special "Coat Week" in progress in the Buckingham Palace Road establishment already referred to.

**A New Use for Wraps.**

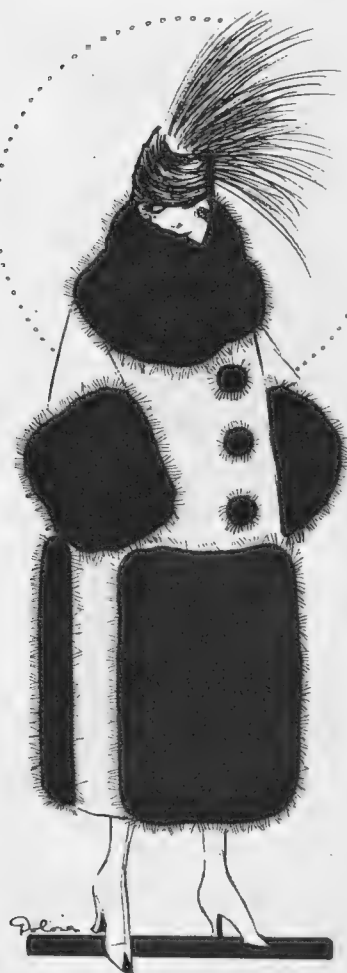
Now that a wrap seems likely to develop into a constant instead of an occasional companion, it's easy to understand that its appearance becomes a more than usually important matter. Fashion never does things by halves, and is quite ready to practise the apostolic virtue of adaptability when the occasion demands it. The fact accounts for the enormous variety of the coats she has prepared for women this winter. Pleated coats and gathered ones, gored coats and straight ones, coats that would make Joseph feel "out of it," as well as others that take a more sober view of life, are all included amongst the good things in which a woman will keep warm during the next few months. There is black satin, for instance, of the kind used for the original of one of to-day's sketches, which, smart as it is, looks smarter still because of the presence of a deep square collar of nutria fur, with its little squares of seal-coney introduced at the back and the extremities of the stole fronts. After all, fashion, if it were not for variety, would soon become dull and lifeless. But, if appearances count for anything, it's a long way from being overtaken by any such fate.

**Quilting for Ornament.**

We have travelled far from the days when Eve, obliged to wear clothes intended to keep her warm instead of allowing her to show to an interested world as much as possible of her dainty self, quilted her skirts the better to be comfortable. But though the feminine corsage is no longer looped up to show the skirt below it to better advantage, there are other ways of using quilting than merely as an aid to comfort, which is why the designer of the fawn cloth model here shown worked decorative stitching into an eighteenth-century design on the straight back and front panels that give it character, adding wide bands of seal-coney at either side for decoration as well as warmth. Navy velours-de-laine and skunk-opossum form another coat worth the consideration of every seeker after utility and chic combined.

**An Alternative.**

It is possible, too, to tread the road to smartness in coats in which neither fur nor cloth has any part. Mohair-plush, in attractive brown shades that suggest seal-coney at a distance, is used for coats especially designed for people who have not a long purse.



You could not miss the skunk-opossum, even if you tried: it's the most conspicuous feature of the coat. What isn't fur is navy wool velours.



When you can't have all fur, or when the weather doesn't call for it, fawn velours, trimmed with seal coney, makes an excellent substitute.





## THE THRESHER IN ACTION

On Night Patrol.

THEN—when a man needs to be a sort of cross betwixt a Jack-in-the-box and a crocodile—the peculiar virtues of the supreme campaign coat become conspicuous. As easy to move in as an extra skin, repellent of mud, defiant of water, the "Thresher" is blessed *sotto voce* night after night over there. Under handicap is every officer not Thresher-clad—and the handicap's a hard one these tense moments upon night patrol when a sneeze sounds like shriek of shell and an unwieldy garment makes a man feel a blaring brass band in leg-irons. "It must be a Thresher," says the voice of Experience.

## The THRESHER

The Thresher Trench Coat with detachable Kamelcote lining ... £7 7 0

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Cavalry pattern, with knee flaps and gusset ... Extra £1 1 0

All sizes in stock. Send size of chest and approximate height, and to avoid delay enclose cheque when ordering.

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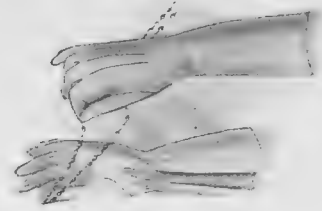
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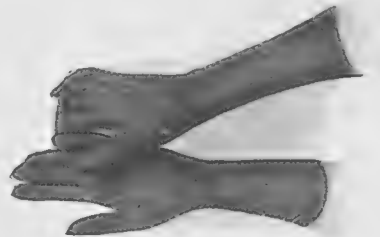
to H.M. the King.

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Restricted supplies have not prevented Jays from giving their usual splendid value in Gloves—the value for which they have long been famous.



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Soft Deerskin Gloves, with Gauntlets lined Silk. Per pair 16/6.



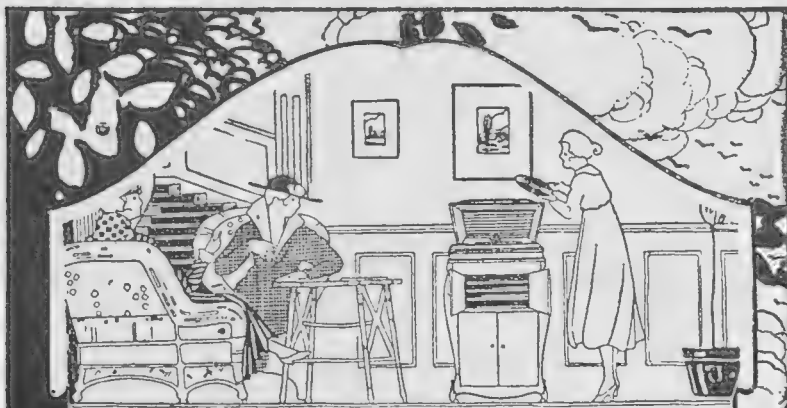
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## THE WOMAN ABOUT TOWN

### The Victory Chicken.

As one takes one's walks abroad it becomes apparent that we are all anticipating victory. Not that we are counting that glorious chicken before it is hatched, but we think we can hear it pecking at the shell. Women prepare to welcome it in woman's time-honoured way—by making the best of themselves; and so dress is more delightfully cosy and rich-looking than at any time since the war thunder-cloud burst. There were lots of beautifully dressed women about on Nelson Day, none more so than our handsome Princess Patricia of Connaught in squirrel-grey, wearing squirrel furs, and a black beaver hat fringed with squirrel fur. To her were presented, at Kensington Town Hall, over a hundred purses for naval good works. We have all stopped talking about the German peace tricks—everyone knows all about them. What we want and will have is our Victory-in-the-Field chicken, and it is coming safe and sure—the egg is cracking all round!

### Beautiful Without Suffering.

There is not a woman of us who does not feel thankful to Madame la Mode for permitting us to have lovely dresses easily donned. All the same, the dear lady had to be coerced in the most diplomatic manner because it had always been her axiom that we should *souffrir pour être belle*. Maurice, otherwise Ecirum, Ltd., 44, South Molton Street, W.1, did this diplomatic coercion by making us frocks so becoming and smart, also so comfortable and convenient, that Madame had to welcome them, and wink at the fact that in them we were beautiful without suffering. The new autumn Ecirum gowns are now being shown, and we can not only look, but also buy, because the prices—



A black velvet evening dress, with the top part of the corsage sewn with diamanté net.

from four guineas—are quite within our war bounds and bonds. Those of us who are going to make priceless gifts to their husbands and their country have also special reason for gratitude in the introduction of thoroughly stylish and up-to-date dresses which have at the most two fastenings, and are extremely comfortable and most becoming.

### Not Things to Boast About.

American women are intensely amused at the gushing descriptions they read of interiors of large houses used as hospitals for their officers. Americans have far more elaborate houses than we have, and the luxury of the finest of ours is nothing new to these men. Also, the very essence of efficiency in hospitals is the clearing away of every decoration. Naturally, this cannot be entirely done in luxuriously appointed private mansions, but the reference to them as aids to recovery amazes those who know. Some officers, on removal from a picture gallery used as a ward to quite a plain chamber, congratulated each other on escape from a crowd of most horrible ancestors who had irritated them astonishingly. Others thanked God, quite reverently, on getting away from red brocade walls and painted insets in a stucco ceiling. Luxurious decorations in hospitals are necessary evils now, but not things to boast about.

(Continued overleaf.)

NOTE.—The Pronouncements of Pope & Bradley are sometimes sympathetic.

## AREN'T THE OLD MEN SPLENDID?

By H. DENNIS BRADLEY.



### "The Hidden Hand"

IT is a cynical and unjust world. There is a grave danger that, on the outbreak of Peace, ungrateful Youth may forget in the stress and storms of Victory to pay tribute to the Old Men who have "carried on" so nobly during the interminable years of Armageddon.

Before it is too late, before their self-sacrifices are forgotten, before their little "bits" are ignored, before their rulings are over-ruled, before their public chattering is drowned in the triumphant voices of returning Youth, let me pay homage to their elderly magnificence in war-time.

Let us never forget their wonderful fight to make the world safe for Bureaucracy. In their splendour the Old Men, too, have suffered.

Let not their self-denial be forgotten.

Leaving their businesses, their professions, their asylums—even their pleasures—with shaking fingers they buckled on their gout boots and hobbled forth to do their Bureaucratic duty.

Even the elderly and non-combatant clergy rallied to the standard of War, with tottering but determined steps ascended the dais of the tribunals, and preached patriotism, self-sacrifice, and self-denial—to others.

Who cannot admire these ministers of a new and martial Christus?

Did the working poor need beer? Then the Old Men heroically limited their cravings to Veuve Clicquot. Was there little mutton in the land? Then these aged heroes turned nobly to caviare and game. Were there super-taxes and excess profits to be paid? Then their hearts—and prices—rose valiantly to the occasion.

Were the women lonely? Then again the Old Men bravely "carried on" and sought to offer consolation.

And their reward? Virtue by necessity?

Alas! It is not in this world that men—even old men—should ask for their reward.

Venerable gentlemen, I commiserate you. But I congratulate you on your spirit if not on your flesh.

And if ingratitude and disappointment be your lot, summon your domestic fortitude, your placid omniscience, your Victorian and vicarious philosophy, summon your optimism, and remember, as Jimmy Whistler never said, "Old Age Must Come."

But comfort yourselves, for you is reserved the glory of a New Sacrifice.

I am grieved at the alarming wool shortage. Mufti manufacture has been reduced to a minimum. With Peace there will not be enough to go round. And, with delicate sadness, I am compelled to announce that:—

Pope & Bradley cannot receive any more orders for mufti materials from clients over the present military age of 51 until the war is over.

Knowing you so well, venerable sirs, I am sure you will bear this new deprivation with a proud and patriotic joy in the knowledge that you are helping your country.

Nevertheless, I am sorry for you. My heart bleeds when I think of you creeping shivering and naked to bed, with only the thought of your sacrifices to warm your vitals.

Hold fast, and stick it out, gallant hearts! It's a long tunnel through the Welsh mountains, but at the end of the steep gradient are green valleys and bad beer.

14, Old Bond Street, W. 1.



## "Indistinguishable from a Rope of Real Pearls."

A delighted and critical purchaser of Ciro Pearls writes:—

"I received the pearl necklace safely yesterday, and I am exceedingly pleased with it. It is really quite indistinguishable from a real rope I have. . . . I have never seen a better imitation Pearl chain."

Ciro Pearls are an astounding copy of the choicest genuine Oriental Pearls.

So much so that they deceive nine experts out of ten, unless exhaustive, scientific tests are applied. In lustre, orient, weight, and hardness they are identical.



This is a photographic reproduction of a Ciro Pearl Necklet also Single Pearl Ring. Price £1 1 0 each (Including case, 2/- extra). Descriptive Booklet No. 5 on request.

No gift could be more calculated to please a lady—of any age.

### A REMARKABLE OFFER:

We will send you a Necklet, a Ring, or any of our Jewels, on receipt of £1 1 0. Wear either for a week. Compare it with the finest of genuine pearls or the highest-priced artificial pearls. If you are not satisfied, or if your friends can tell it is not real, return it to us, and we will refund your money in full.

CIRO PEARLS are sold at one price only. Whether a gorgeous string of pearls, a ring, a brooch, a pair of earrings, or any jewel, no matter what size pearl you require, the price is £1 1 0. The mountings are as exquisite as if the pearls were genuine.

Our Showrooms are situated on the first floor at 42, Piccadilly, W. 1 (directly opposite Prince's Restaurant). If you cannot call and see our Pearls, your order shall have our intelligent, careful service.

The Ciro Scientific Pearl Co., Ltd. (Dept. 5).



BY APPOINTMENT.

## BLOUSE DEPT.

**COSY HOME JUMPER** in Good Velveteen, Oriental Motif at Waist; Neck Out-lined Trimming to Match; Fastened down one side of front. Made in Black, Navy, and several lovely Art Colourings.

Price 84/-

Autumn List Post Free on request.

*Harvey Nichols Ltd*  
of Knightsbridge S.W.1

## KNITTED COATS FOR COLD DAYS

Suitable for indoor or outdoor wear. We are specialists in Knitted Sports Coats, and have always in stock an immense variety of exclusive designs in these practical and becoming garments. Every coat in this section is made under the supervision of our expert, who has made a life-long study of knitted goods.

**FLEECY KNITTED WOOLLEN COAT** (as sketch). A very practical coat for general wear; good wearing and well made, in a good range of colours, including the new Autumn shades.

PRICE 63/-

We have now in stock a large assortment of Knitted Woollen Coats, which have been specially made for indoor wear.

FROM 52/6

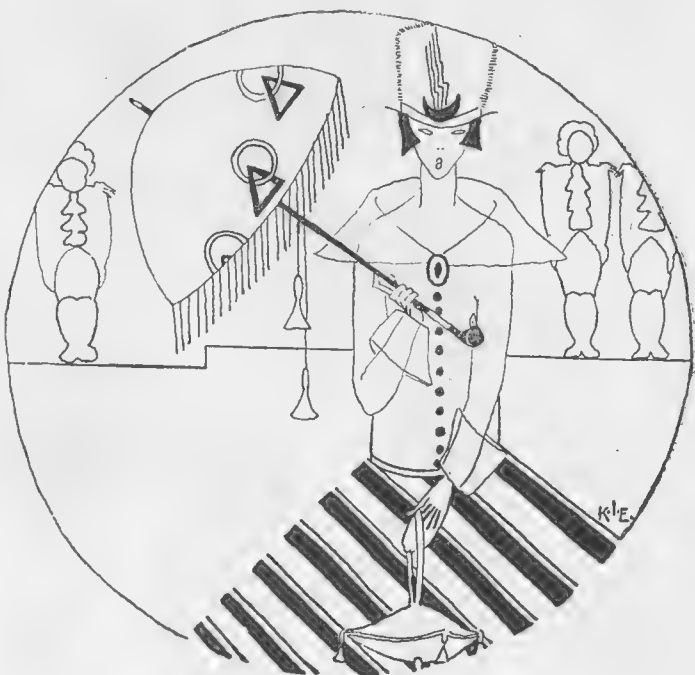
NOTE.—This Establishment is closed on Saturdays.

**Debenham & Freebody**  
(DEBENHAM LIMITED)  
Wigmore Street.  
(Cavendish Square) London, W. 1





VIGIL SKIRTS ARE IN FASHION



THE designs of "Vigil" Silk keep pace with the changes in Fashion and lend themselves admirably to the new vogue in skirts. They are distinctive and distinguished enough to attract attention and are yet in perfect taste. "Vigil" Silk is one of those rare productions that consist entirely of pure Silk without the cheapening addition of cotton or tin to give it artificial weight

OWING to war conditions the supply of "Vigil" Silk is limited, because it cannot be manufactured so easily as cotton materials. It can be obtained from the leading drapers

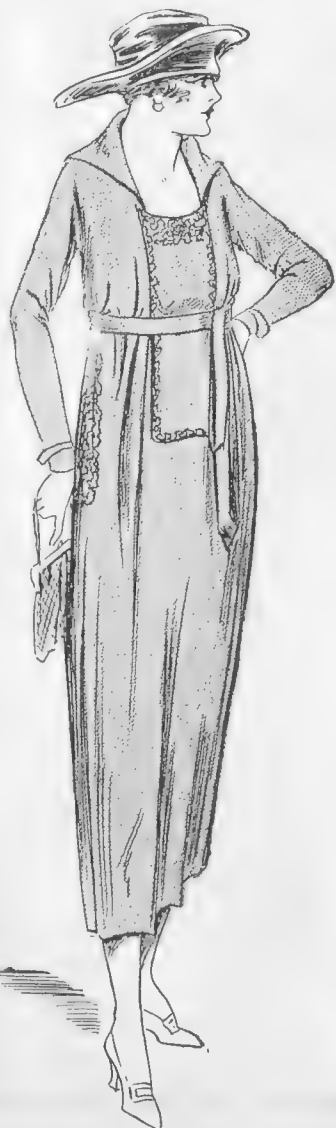
Double Width, 40 in. wide. In plain White, Pastel Shades, Khaki, Stripes, etc. For Ladies' wear, Men's wear, Children's wear. For Blouses, Dresses and Nurses' Cloaks, Underwear, Nightdresses, Pyjamas, Dressing Gowns, and Shirts, Draperies, Curtains, Cushions, Fancy Work, etc. Jumpers, Smocks.

8/11  
PER YARD

"Vigil" Blouses Many of the leading Drapers are now offering the most delightful creations in ready-made Blouses of "Vigil" Silk. Ask your Draper to show you styles.

**Vigil**  
THE PURE SILK

(Look for the name on the Selvedge)



**GOOCHS**  
VOGUE & VALUE

CONCENTRATION on personal attire secures a smartness and economy in moderate-priced wear as well as the most exclusive—otherwise impossible. You can see it in everything Goochs offer. The present displays afford a most convincing demonstration.

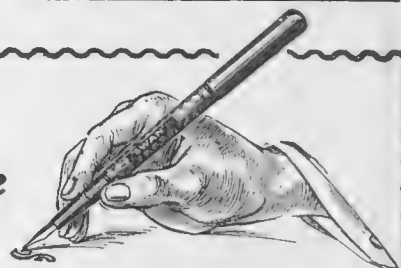
NADINE. Charming Gown of Chiffon Serge, in navy embroidered in silver grey. Large square collar attractively edged with fur

£6 19 6

Also in All Black.

**Goochs Ltd**  
BROMPTON ROAD, LONDON, S.W.3.

Is your  
Correspondence  
in arrears?



Most busy people to-day find that they have little time for letter-writing. And yet it is a mistake to get out of touch with our friends, especially with those who are eagerly waiting for news; we not only disappoint them, but we deprive ourselves of the pleasure of their replies. A "Swan" Fountainpen makes it easy for you to utilize your odd moments and write regularly. The "Swan" is always at hand and ready to write on the instant. The smooth gold nib—which you may choose to suit your hand—makes writing a pleasure and lasts a lifetime with reasonable care.

At pre-war  
prices from  
10/6.

THE  
**"SWAN"**  
FOUNT PEN

SOLD BY STATIONERS AND JEWELLERS.

Illustrated catalogue post free.

MABIE TODD & CO., Ltd., London, Manchester, Paris, Zurich, Sydney, Toronto, etc.





# Harrods

## Blouse Wear



Nowhere will you secure Blouses of a higher standard of quality than Harrods offer you; nowhere will you secure Blouses of equal quality more economically priced.

### B.S. IRENE

Effective blouse in cotton Georgette, with dainty collar in net and lace, square at back, forming fichu in front. In ivory, pink, sky, or champagne. Sizes: 42, 44, and 46 in.

**39/6**

O.S. 3/- extra.

Bring the Children to Harrods Toy Fair.

HARRODS LTD WOODMAN BURRIDGE Managing Director LONDON SW1

## CORSETS

Our Corset Department offers quite exceptional advantages to customers. It is under the control of a clever Corsetière, who personally designs every pair of Corsets offered for sale. The result is that ladies are able to buy quite inexpensive Corsets made from thoroughly reliable materials upon the most scientific principles. We have now an exceptionally good selection of Corsets and Corselets in stock, including the Tricot Corset.

### LE CORSET GRACILE.—

Extremely low at bust with band of elastic, long over hips. Made in Cotton Broché.

PRICE

**35/6**

Can also be made in extra quality material.

**Debenham & Freebody**  
(DEBENHAM LIMITED)

Wigmore Street.  
(Cavendish Square) London. W. 1

Famous for over a Century  
for Taste, for Quality, for Value.



NOTE.— This Establishment is closed on Saturdays.

"Bradley" Productions are invariably characterized by good taste.

### "TOUL" (as sketch).

A Well Cut and finished Suit of simple graceful lines, in good quality heavy Navy Suiting. Coat lined Silk. Ready for wear.

**11½ Gns.**

Also in splendid quality gabardine.

**12½ Gns.**

A limited number only.



**Bradleys LTD**

**Chepstow Place.**  
London, W.

2048

# Lotus

THOSE men who wear Lotus and Delta are recommended to have their boots and shoes repaired, when the time comes, with synthetic soles.

Synthetic soles are a substitute for leather. They have come whilst leather is scarce and are going to stay when leather is plentiful again because they are so entirely satisfactory in wear. Indeed they are so reliable that nearly every pair of men's Delta boots No. 107A

and 201A is made with them nowadays.

There is no difficulty or delay in getting synthetic soles for repairs. The shops that sell Lotus and Delta can obtain them any time by return of post from Lotus Ltd.

Remember the name synthetic.

Lotus Ltd, Stafford  
Makers of Delta War-time Boots  
City Telephone  
London Wall  
6989



Delta War-time  
Pairs... 27/6  
Singles... 13/9  
Made by Lotus Ltd



# Peter Robinson's

*Original & Distinctive New Styles in Autumn Millinery*



SK. 1.

**FUR HAT** with crown and swathing of Brocade. In Beaver or Musquash Fur **6½ Gs.**

**T**HE Peter Robinson Millinery Salons offer hundreds of beautiful creations, all equally as attractive and useful as the four here illustrated—



SK. 2.

**HAT** in Royal Velvet, Mercury Wing Brim. Also in black, nigger, and navy **3½ Gs.**



SK. 3.

**SMART PULL-ON HAT** in Panne Velvet, trimmed with woollen ornament and ribbon. In black, nigger, navy, purple, and white ... **2½ Gs.**

SK. 4.

**SMART RESTAURANT HAT** in Velvet, with elegant mount in Ostrich Feather... **5 Gs.**

SK. 4.  
5 Gs.

**Peter Robinson L<sup>d</sup> Oxford St.**

LONDON W1



**H**ARMONY! And not in music only, but in life. Harmony of mind with mind. Harmony of black with white. Perfect black and perfect white. The secret of the Puritan maid.

**D**ORCAS Cambric is the perfect white; the Puritan white; the white than which there is no whiter. It is the Puritan Cambric made again—the perfection of material and make.

**W**E have a folder showing specimen of Dorcas Cambric before and after washing. We should like to send you one. Also, on request, the name of the draper nearest to you who sells it.



The price is 2/6 the yard. The width is forty inches. The words "Dorcas Cambric" are always on the selvedge.

**DORCAS**  
J. CAMBRIC J.

J. & N. PHILIPS & CO. LTD.  
Manufacturers and Merchants  
ADVT. DEPT., MANCHESTER.

C.W.H.

## SUPERFLUOUS HAIRS

ARE removable by one Scientific Method only, viz.,  
**ELECTROLYSIS**

No lotions, face creams or drugs can possibly be of any service to those who suffer from this disfigurement.

**ELECTROLYSIS** is **PAINLESS POSITIVE PERMANENT**

in its effects. It can be performed easily by anyone in the privacy of her own rooms without aid by the new portable apparatus recently perfected by the consultants of the Bristol Institute, thus SAVING TIME, TROUBLE, AND MONEY of visiting specialists.

Fuller particulars sent on receipt of card—

**BRISTOL INSTITUTE OF ELECTROTHERAPEUTICS, Ltd., 25A Whiteladies Rd., Bristol**



# NOV. 4<sup>th</sup> to 9<sup>th</sup> *Economy Week* AT DICKINS & JONES



**Very Becoming Hat**, of Velvet; the soft slightly Tam crown, and edge of firm brim, have stitchings of silk, the latter being underlined Satin Merve. Colours: Brown, Navy, Prune, Wine, or Black. Other colours to order.

**Special Price, 21/-**



Fully Illustrated "Economy Week" Catalogue post free on application.

These illustrations depict some of the many items offered during this Special Week. Orders received before Nov. 4 will be executed in rotation, and despatched on that day.

*As the quantity of these goods is limited, please note that they cannot be sent on approval, but direct orders will have prompt attention.*



**Useful Winter Suit** (as sketch), of heavy-weight Velour. Coat has Belt all round and novel Pockets. Plain Skirt, straight cut, also with Pockets. Colours: Nigger, Green, Wine, Mole, Navy, or Black.

Usual Price, 9½ Gns.

**Special Price, 7 Gns.**

**Charming Coat** (as sketch), of finest quality Velour Cloth, warm but light in weight. Slightfulness arranged in a box pleat effect, falling from yoke, and held in at waist with Slotted Belt. Trimmed large Collar of fine quality Smoked Oposum. In Nigger, Purple, Mole, Light or Dark Grey, Light or Dark Fawn, Bordeaux, Saxe, Navy or Black.

Usual Price, 11½ Gns.

**Special Price, £8:0:0**

**Pure Silk Hose in Black, with Lisle Feet and Tops.**

Usual Price, 7/11

**Special Price, 5/11**

to in., 6/3

**2-Button French Mocha Gloves**, soft and durable. Black only. Usual Price 7/11.

**Special Price, 5/9**

## CHILDREN'S CLOTHES

We have always in stock a wonderful selection of dainty and inexpensive garments for little boys and girls.

**SMART SUIT** for little boy, in rich Black Faille Silk, with collar and cuffs in white georgette, tunic lines silk.

Size for 2 years ... Price **5 Gns.**

" 3 " " " **5½ "**

" 4 " " " **6 "**

### LADIES' GLOVES

in real Camel-hair, with 8-inch gauntlet. Very soft and comfortable, in natural shade only.

Price **9/11** per pair.

*NOTE.—This Establishment is closed on Saturdays.*

**Debenham & Freebody**

Wigmore Street, (Cavendish Square) London. W.1

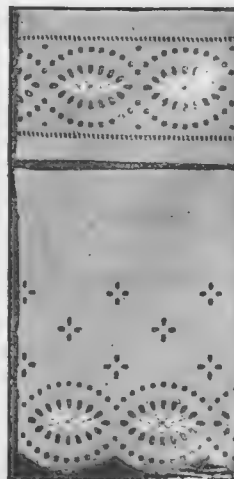
Famous for over a Century for Taste, for Quality, for Value.



## STEINMANN'S

The Firm is of French-Swiss origin, Founded 1865—now entirely British.

Illustrated Price List, on request, of Specialities. The House for Best Quality Goods at Lowest Prices.



### FOR LADIES MAKING UP AT HOME

Underclothing and Baby Garments, we send a most unique and interesting

### BOOK OF PATTERNS,

Finest Embroideries, Laces, and Materials, which will be found useful and instructive.

It is advisable and economical to use only the best materials and trimmings.

### Specialities:

Real Valenciennes, Flemish, Belgian, Irish, Honiton, and Antique Laces, Collars, Scarves, Fichus, Handkerchiefs, Linens, Lawns, and Fine Infant's Robe Flouncings.



PRETTY-TRIMMED FOLDING COTS AND BASKETS.

Patterns and Prices on application.

### DAINTY BABY CLOTHES.

A charming variety of everything needful for Baby. Robes, Gowns, Cloaks, Pelisses, Children's Frocks, Smocks, Tunics, Coats, etc.

Price List sent.

We supply Ladies' Underwear and Baby Garments ready made or to order, or supply all the materials to make them at home. See our Unique Pattern Book of Embroideries, Laces, and Materials sent on application.

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**DICKINS & JONES, Ltd.,** Regent Street, London, W.



QUALITY.



ECONOMY.

# Elenid

Gerrard 2543.



**A USEFUL  
AND DAINTY  
FROCK  
at a Moderate  
Price.**

This well-cut Frock in BLACK, NAVY, GREEN, NIGGER, MOLE, VELVET, EEN of the finest quality, with dainty georgette collar and cuffs.

PRICE  
**6½ Gns.**

A further example of the excellent value that can be obtained at 'ELENID'S.'

A unique stock of the latest Gabardine Frocks and Costumes which cannot fail to interest those who dress rationally.

Immediate attention to Enquiries by Post.

'ELENID'

**85, NEW BOND ST., W.1.**  
(OXFORD ST. CORNER.)

## Harrods LOUNGE SUITS

IT is not at all urgent that Harrods should just sell you a Suit of Clothes, but it is of the very essence of Harrods Tailoring Business that they should help you to the Selection of the Suit of Clothes that makes you *look your best*.

At Harrods you secure not only *Quality* above reproach, but invaluable help and counsel.

This Lounge Suit is available in newest Grey and Brown Worsted, Scotch Cheviots, Heather Mixture Tweeds and Blue Indigo Serges, Distinctive and stylish, slightly defined to figure, plain back, no vent, narrow lapels, fronts finished with three buttons, in all sizes and fittings, ready to wear. **6½ Gns.**

### MILITARY TAILORING

Harrods are registered Military and Naval Tailors, and holds stocks of all Government Cloths.

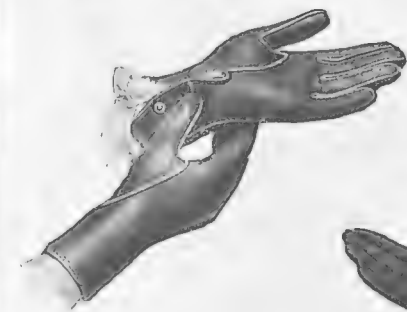
BRITISH WARMS - - -	from £6 10 0
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**HARRODS Ltd** *Woodman Burbidge* **LONDON SW1**  
*Managing Director*



# Gorringes

**Gloves  
for  
Winter-wear**



**G. 801**  
Lady's 2-clasp real Cape. Lined through Natural Coney. **16/9**  
Tan only ...

**G. 808**  
Lady's 2-clasp Buckskin. First choice skins, lined through Real Fur. In Tan or Slate ... **18/9**

**G. 908**  
Similar Glove, lined fleece ... **11/9**

Letter orders should be accompanied by remittance or usual Trade References.

**G. 805**  
Lady's French Mocha Gauntlet. Perfection in cut and finish. Fastened with strap and dome at wrist, as sketch. In Black, Tan, Brown, Beaver, Slate, or Mole. Very exceptional Value ... **6/11**  
Similar Glove in 2-button ... **5/11**

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Lady's Buckskin Motor Gauntlet, extra stout skins. Lined through finest White Coney; as sketch. In Tan or Slate ... **27/6**

**G. 803**

**FREDERICK GORRINGE, Ltd.,** Buckingham Palace Rd., London, S.W.1

*This business closes at 5.30 p.m.*

## Value & Quality in STOCKINGS

These stockings are of the best possible manufacture and are of our usual high standard of quality . . . . .



Heavy Silk Sports Stockings in various colours (as sketch).

**42/- per pair.**



Silk Stockings with lisle feet and top, in Black, White, and Colours.

**7/6 per pair.**



Vertical Stripe Silk Stockings, lisle feet and tops. Black and White, White and Black, Navy and White, Champagne, Black, Mole and Black.

**10/6 per pair.**



"Arva" Ribbed heavy Silk Sports Hose. In Black, White, and Colours.

**32/6 per pair.**



Best quality Ribbed Spun Silk Hose, hand-made, in assorted colours, 10 in. **17/9**

**16/9 per pair.**

**MARSHALL &  
SNELGROVE**

VERE STREET AND OXFORD STREET  
LONDON W1





## INEXPENSIVE CRÊPE-DE-CHINE TEAGOWNS

ADAPTED from the newest Paris models and made in our own workrooms from rich quality materials.

USEFUL TEAGOWN (as sketch), in Crêpe-de-Chine, cut on long lines, giving pinafore effect both back and front, daintily finished with silk stitching. In jade, yellow, mauve, green, sky, turquoise, champagne, pink and black.

Special Price 98/6

### GLOVES

Two-dome fastener best English Cape Leather Gloves, for hard wear.

7/11 per pair.

**MARSHALL &  
SNELGROVE**  
VERE STREET AND OXFORD STREET  
LONDON W1

NOTE.—This Establishment will be closed on Saturdays until further notice.



"La Naturelle"

A WOMAN is as old as she feels and as young as she looks. But to look young is to *feel* young. That is why women whose locks are scanty are full of praise for "La Naturelle," the wonderful transformation which cannot be distinguished—even with the closest scrutiny—from naturally growing hair.

**Maison Georges**  
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"La Naturelle"—The Natural Parting Toupet—has the appearance of hair actually growing from the scalp. Detection is impossible. In addition, it has the advantage that it can be brushed and combed like natural hair, and dressed—with or without a parting—to suit one's individuality.

TOUPET from 4 GUINEAS.

Full transformation from 12 Guineas.

(The "Times" system of instalments is available.)

Visit our salons and see "La Naturelle" for yourself; or send to Dept. 4 for an "Appro." selection. Catalogue de Luxe free on application.

## SUPER FOOTWEAR for Officers

The  
COMBINED LACED  
LEGGING FIELD  
SERVICE BOOT.

£7 . 7 . 0

and

£8 . 8 . 0

NEW MILITARY  
BROCHURE

The Officers' Guide to  
Footwear.

W. ABBOTT & SONS, Ltd.  
54, Regent Street, W.  
(Opposite Swan & Edgar's)  
121, High Holborn, W.C.  
434, Strand, W.  
London and Paris.



### WRITE FOR . .

20-page Illustrated Catalogue of

## ALLEN - BROWN'S ENGLISH VIOLET

Perfumes, Toilet Preparations, and  
NOVELTIES.

IT WILL BE SENT FREE ON REQUEST.

Address: MISSES ALLEN-BROWN, F.R.H.S., Violet Nurseries, Henfield, Sussex.

Novelties include Sachets of all kinds; Scented Lingerie and Blouse-holders, Silk Veil Rolls, Impregnated English Violet Powder Puffs, &c.



## Personality in Dress

"Lista" Shirts and Pyjamas reflect that air of solid worth which gives the wearer standing as a well-dressed man. For Officers' Khaki Shirts and ordinary wear "Lista" is unrivalled. It can be washed over and over again without injury. Once feel a "Lista" Shirt and you will want them always.



**LISTA**  
PURE SILK

Look for the word "Lista" upon the selvedge.  
Your favourite pattern can be selected at any Outfitters.

Wholesale only  
LISTER & Co., Ltd., Old Change, E.C.

Style L95.  
Glacé Lace Shoe  
—Patent Cap.  
Price 30/6 pair.



*"Bective"*

50 YEARS of practical tests by the best British workmen have perfected these shoes of distinction.

Being made on the hand-sewn principle, their reliability is guaranteed.

Bective retain their smart appearance always. We have recently placed stocks with most of our Agents.

WRITE FOR NAME OF NEAREST AGENT TO  
"BECTIVE" SHOE COMPANY  
(JAMES BRANCH & SONS, LTD.)  
NORTHAMPTON  
FOUNDED 50 YEARS AGO

N.W. LTD.

## VENUS PENCILS

"VENUS PENCILS" are chosen by all who require a dependable pencil - and because of their perfection—once tried are always used.

**FOR EVERY PENCIL PURPOSE.**

17 Grades: Blacklead, 6B (softest) to 9H (Hardest); also 3 styles Copying.

Of all Stationers, Stores, etc., throughout the World.

"VENUS," 173-5, LOWER CLAPTON ROAD, E.5.



BY APPOINTMENT.

**Improve your Rations!**

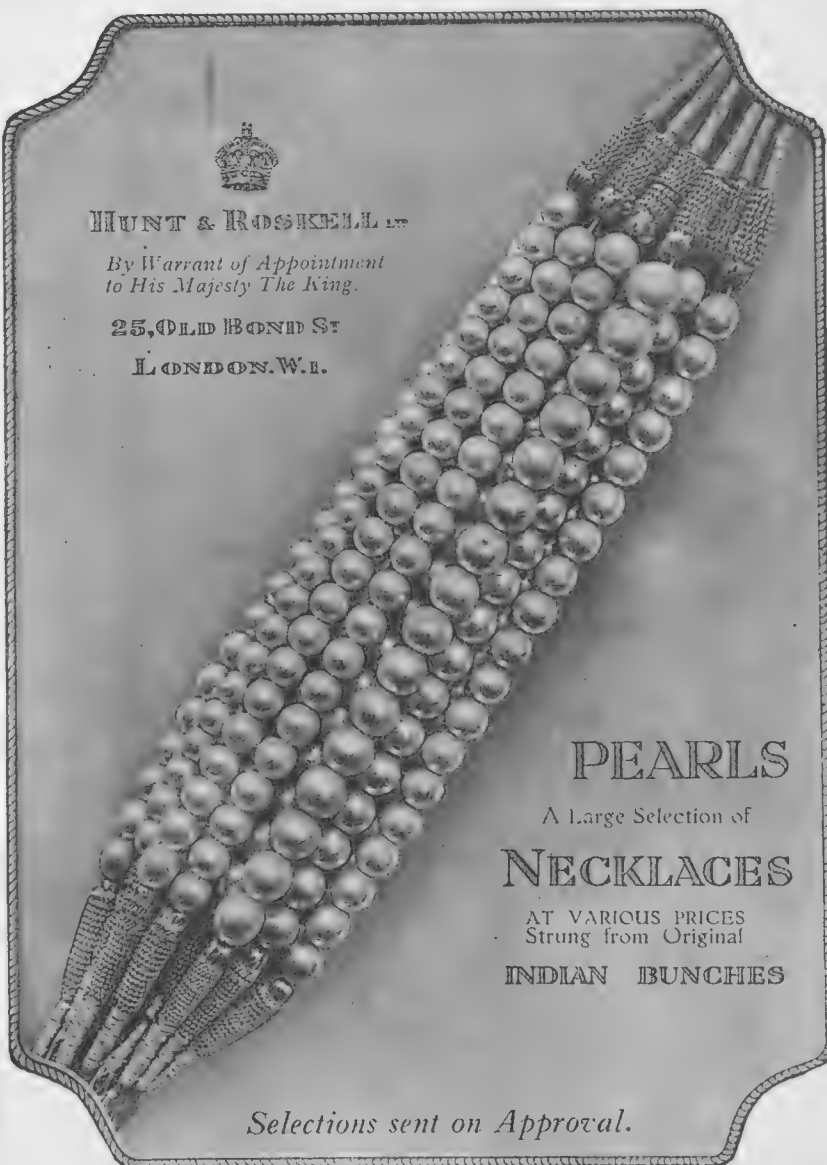
For giving an APPETIZING FLAVOUR to War-time Fare; the SAUCE is the original and genuine Worcestershire—

*Lea & Perrins*

HUNT & ROSKELL LTD

By Warrant of Appointment  
to His Majesty The King.

25, OLD BOND ST  
LONDON, W.1.



**PEARLS**

A Large Selection of

**NECKLACES**

AT VARIOUS PRICES  
Strung from Original

INDIAN BUNCHES

*Selections sent on Approval.*



## Beautifying Barbara.

By MIMOSA.

### How a Plain Girl was Made Pretty.

Barbara had always been considered the ugly duckling of the family, and certainly no one would have voted her attractive the day she called on me, and told me how tired she was of being classed amongst the dull and uninteresting women of her set.

To tell the truth, Barbara had fallen in love, and was anxious, as she had never been before, to appear at her best. She wasn't a flapper; she was twenty-eight; but there were possibilities in her, and I promised her that if she would follow my advice carefully, she wouldn't recognise her own reflection in the mirror in a month's time.

### Her Complexion.

With a good complexion the plainest features look attractive, but Barbara's, unfortunately, left much to be desired. It was muddy, and there were blackheads around the nose and mouth, caused, I think, through using impure toilet soaps. For the dull, muddy look I made her rub a little pure mercolised wax gently into the face and neck every night, leaving on the skin till the next morning. This very gently and imperceptibly peeled off all the dead, dull, outer cuticle, leaving the fresh young complexion underneath, and giving her a skin as clear and fresh as a baby's. The blackheads were soon removed. A stymol tablet was dissolved in hot water, and the face bathed and gently dried. After two applications all signs of the blackheads had disappeared.

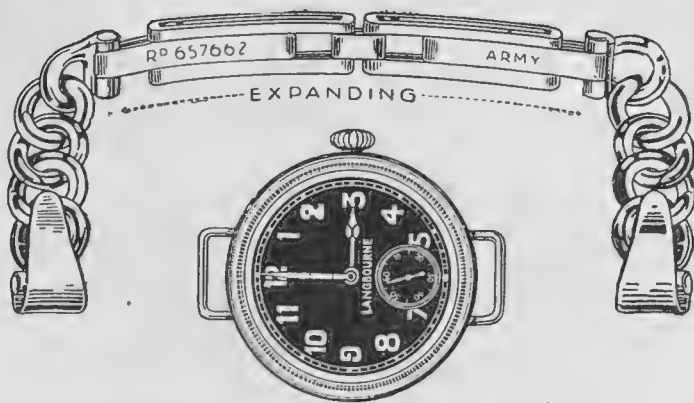
### Beautifying Her Hair.

Barbara has a fairly good head of hair, but it had been very much neglected. I don't know what she had shampooed it with, but it certainly wasn't the right stuff, for her hair was dull and lifeless, without the bright lights it should have possessed; there was no wave in it, and it appeared to be falling out rather more than was natural.

So I made her get some stallax at the chemist's, and give it a good shampoo. A stallax shampoo leaves the hair soft, silky, and glossy, and no rinsing is necessary. After one shampoo a most marked improvement could be noticed, and by the time Barbara had used it three times, with an interval of a fortnight between each shampoo, you would not have recognised it as the same head of hair. Then, to stop the fall, I advised her to get two ounces of boranium, and mix it with water and a little Bay Rum. This she dabbed into the roots every night, and it not only stopped the fall, but gave the hair great vitality.

### A Little Colour in the Cheeks.

Barbara is one of those girls who are much improved by a little colour in the cheeks, but, unfortunately, she has none naturally. So I suggested that she should get some colliandum and apply a very little to the cheeks with a small piece of cotton-wool. The most critical observer cannot detect that a colour given by this method is not natural, for this wonderful powder is just the correct tint, and has an advantage which no other artificial colour has—it deepens slightly in a warm atmosphere, and thus appears absolutely natural.



**The ARMY Wristlet**, in solid silver with gold springs, is the most handsome, comfortable, and strongly made of all watch wristlets. It is the preferred choice of Naval and Military Staff and other Officers and ranks. The double expanding sliding bar springs give up to 2 in. expansion. The finely tempered gold springs (rustless) are of just the right tension to hold the watch and wristlet in any desired position without slipping or sliding. Never any slackness, cannot get out of order. Willingly sent on approval on receipt of price, 21s. post free. Smaller size for lady's wear same price. In 9 ct. gold, £5 10s., also in 15 ct. and 18 ct. gold. Mention exact size of wrist and width of watch from shackle to shackle, and wristlet to fit you will be sent by return.

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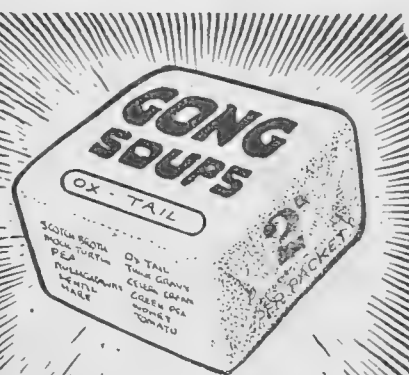
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Healthy, Wealthy, and Wise. "Early to bed and early to rise is how to be healthy, wealthy, and wise."

No doubt it is a help, but nowadays, when we live so strenuously, more is required. Viscountess Rhondda follows in the footsteps of her distinguished and most patriotic father in being a keen supporter of a Ministry of Health. Recently Major the Hon. Waldorf Astor, M.P., was appointed Chairman of the National Baby Week Council, Lady Rhondda being Vice-Chairman. In proposing a resolution urging a demand for this Ministry, particularly in view of the problems of health and

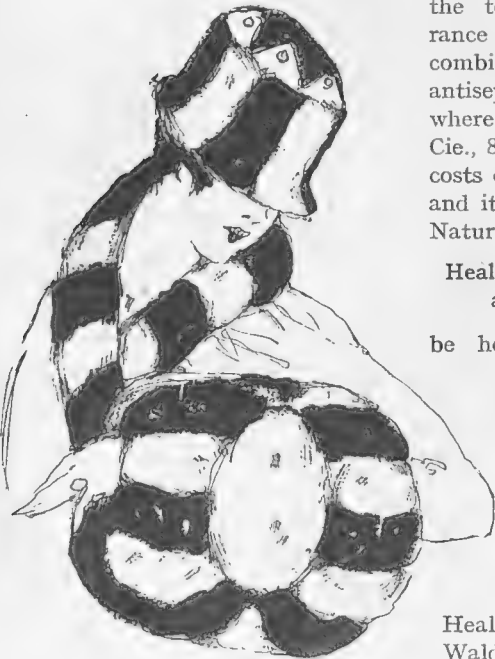
disease which demobilisation will bring, Lady Rhondda advised that women in the lay section of the community who took the most vivid interest in questions of health should be approached, and that they and women educated in the matter should have large place in this new Ministry. So now it is, "Forward, women, and show the best of yourselves."

**Fresh and Dainty.** The last thing a nice woman will part with is daintiness. A silken shirt of pure silk crêpe in pretty stripes is a dainty garment always. We can have it of the very best, if it is a "Celes." It will be beautifully cut, well tailored, and of a fabric as delightful to touch and look at as unsurpassable in wash and wear. The colours are absolutely fast, and no skill is needed in washing—simply the precaution of using good soap. They are in plain colours and check and in ivory tones, and cost somewhere about 45s., which is moderate for any silk shirt in these times, and absolutely cheap for these, which wash and wear, and always turn up fresh and dainty for a period of three to four years. It is the wisdom of the wise to see the "Celes" mark on all shirts.

M. Clemenceau, the French Premier, has autographed a portrait of himself, by M. Henri Evenspoel, and this work of art has been presented to the British Committee of the French Red Cross. The portrait, a fine reproduction of a charcoal-and-carbon drawing, has been framed in the Louis XVI. antique bronze style, and is now to be seen at the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths' Company, 112, Regent Street, where bids are accepted on behalf of the French Red Cross.



The cape is an indispensable garment of the up-to-date well-dressed woman. This model has the new and very convenient addition of a fitted vest and sleeves.



Small toques of almost cap-like effect are much worn just now, and the design of this particular one is unique, with the crown arranged in a design to match the fur round the neck and the muff.

# Urodonal

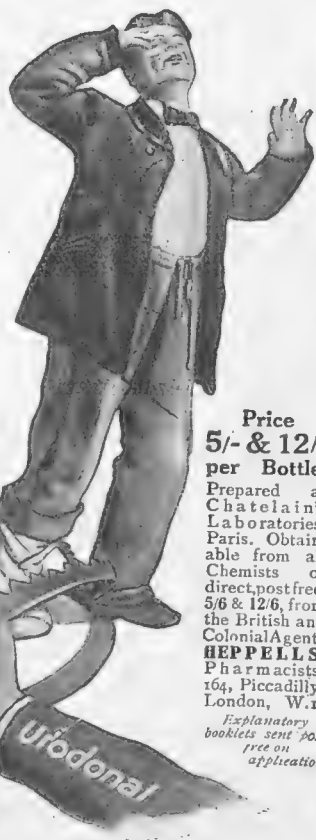
## and GOUT.

### MEDICAL OPINION:

Gout, in common with Rheumatism, is caused through excess of uric acid in the blood. Nevertheless, excess of uric acid does not always imply the presence of gout, whereas goutiness invariably points to excess of uric acid.

Gouty subjects should therefore know that they are manufacturing too much uric acid, and should take steps to eliminate the poison as fast as it is formed. For this purpose physicians all over the world (including Prof. Lancereaux, late President of the Paris Académie de Médecine) recommend the use of URODONAL, which is **thirty-seven times more active than lithia**, as a solvent of uric acid, while possessing the additional advantage of being absolutely harmless and not causing injury to the heart, brain, stomach, kidneys, or other organs, even when taken in large and repeated doses.

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## SOCIETY GOSSIP.

*The King's  
French Speech.*

The King's speech to the Inter-Parliamentary delegates has received less attention than it deserved. I doubt whether there has been anything so eloquent and impressive from royal lips since the war broke out, and its sincere and noble note contrasts notably with the Kaiser's tawdrier efforts. It is a pity the French original

was not published; it would be interesting to compare it with the translation. A good many people wish the King would talk more. When moved by a great occasion he rises to great heights, but his modesty imposes on him too long intervals of silence. The moral spirit of the Allies and the purposes they intend to effect were never more succinctly or impressively stated than in this opportune address, which left the happiest impression on the foreign representatives.

*The Beau Geste.*

It seems that General Haking was the author of the *beau geste* which has so touched the French. It will be remembered

that he sent back a flag to Paris as a memento of the capture of Lille, and a testimony of the affection and admiration felt for French soldiers by the British Army. It is said that he also contrived that the first armed men actually to enter the reclaimed city should be French. It is little things of this sort which appeal to our Allies; and the gallant General has in return been offered a *fanon*—a banner on a shield—as a token of their regard. General Haking is an excellent soldier as well as a *preux chevalier*, and has constantly added in this war to the reputation he gained in South Africa and elsewhere.

A notably successful *matinée* was held recently at the West End Cinema Theatre in aid of the 23rd Queen's Westminster Cadet Battalion and Queen's Westminster's Prisoners of War Fund.

Captain Sexton placed his theatre at the disposal of the committee, and arranged an exceptionally attractive programme. The artistes comprised many leading lights in theatrical and musical circles, too numerous to mention in detail; but special mention may be made of Master Jack Lundy, who sang in a sweet soprano, "I Know a Lovely Garden," and for a well-merited encore, "Roses of Picardy," to his own accompaniment. Some unique pictures were interspersed, and an interesting feature was the sale by auction of the picture, "A Man of Ethiopia," purchased recently by Captain Sexton at a previous charity *matinée*, and presented by him to the committee, to be sold for the benefit of the Fund, the auctioneer being Mr. Walter de Freece. The stage management was in the capable hands of Mr. E. Lundy.



"THE GREATEST MOTHER IN THE WORLD": AN "OUR DAY" TABLEAU AT THE SAVOY. The tableau represented, of course, the famous Red Cross poster. The central figure in it is Miss Aileen Grace, eldest daughter of Sir Valentine Grace, Bt. Below it, one of her sisters.—[Photograph by Sport and General.]



IN CHARGE OF A STALL AT PRINCES RESTAURANT ON "OUR DAY": MRS. LIONEL HARRIS.

Photograph by Sport and General.

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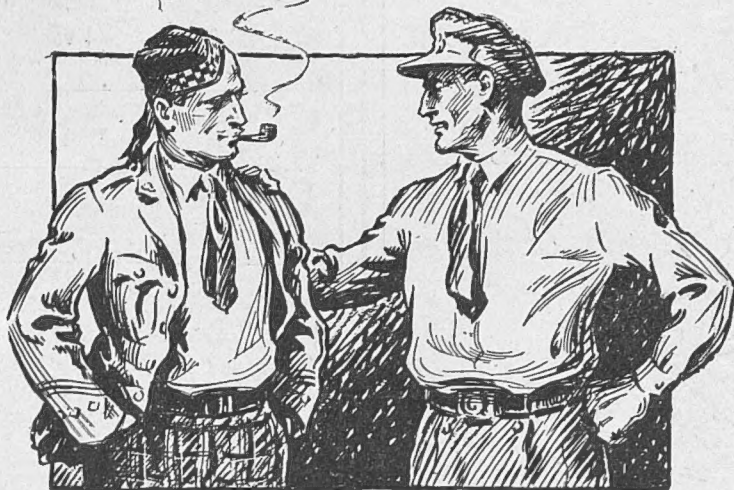
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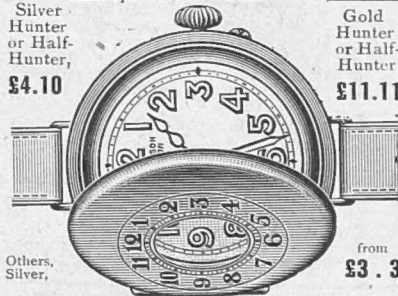
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